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HARBINGERS.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

Swaying around, and down, and up,
And under the leaves a-dancing,
Shines out the yellow buttercup
Like gold in the sun a glancing.

The dandelion, too, is out,
Dotting the fields all over.
And here and there, and roundabout
Nestles the tri-leafed clover.

And over-head the apple-trees
Are nodding their blossoms fair,
Pale, and pink, and red, in the breeze,
They flout the colors they wear.

The bird is calling to her mate,
While building her little nest,
He sings his song with a musical prate,
A gay heart under his vest.

O little brown bird, do you not fear
To be late if you sit and sing?
Look at the signs, the summer is near,
We are bidding adieu to the spring.

HUNTED DOWN;

—OR,—

The Purpose of a Life.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEMESIS OF LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.—[CONTINUED.]

THERE was a moment's dead silence; then Leonora said:

"What is there to fear if we don't cross it? I know you are only fearing the night and snow-storm for me; but I don't fear either with you."

"Thank you for your affectionate trust, dear Leonora," he returned; "but listen. Every moment the snow is deepening, and before long will be up to our saddle girths, and it may continue all night. These roads here between hedgerows will soon be snow-drifts, and then Heaven help us, for man could not. Do you know of any road skirting the ravine?"

"No—none," she replied. "But look, look!—there is a light gleaming in the darkness."

Louis's eye followed her hand. On the top of what must have been a hill, about half a mile or so off, a light faintly gleamed.

"What can it be, Leonora?" he asked; "we passed no house or building in sight when we crossed the ravine."

"No, but it certainly comes from one," she replied. "Colonel Louis, so far from being afraid, I feel intense enjoyment of such an adventure and real peril in these prosaic days."

"Brave girl! it is no joke though," answered St. John, gravely, though greatly relieved to find that he had so fearless a companion. "We must try and reach this building and get shelter for to night. One thing is certain; in the darkness we have lost our way entirely, and struck the ravine many a long mile from where we crossed it."

"But Mrs. Ashton?" said Leonora; "she will be so frightened."

"She will probably guess that we have taken shelter, and, if not, she must be frightened," returned Louis coolly. "Come, there is no time to be lost."

Keeping the light in view they turned back, and once more set off at a quick walk. The light grew nearer and nearer, but the snow had deepened dangerously before a dark mass of building rose ahead, and they reached some gates with a lodge.

To St. John's cool inquiry of the woman who came out, "whether her master or mistress were at home?" she answered yes, and let them in.

Another minute brought them to the house, whose size outside it was too dark to see, but it was the hall lamp that had guided them.

Louis dismounted, gave his reins to Leonora, and rang the bell

The door was opened by a respectable man servant, who stared rather at the strangers.

"Is your master at home?" asked St. John.

"Mr. Aubrey is, sir," replied the man.

"Tell him a gentleman wishes to see him," said St. John.

Without actually leaving the hall, the servant opened a door near and said something, and the next moment a gentleman—a young man—came quickly out.

Addressing him at once, Colonel St. John explained exactly what had happened, and with many apologies for the liberty he was taking, asked shelter for the young lady and himself, as to go on was only courting death.

"The young lady and yourself are warmly welcome," said the young man, cordially; "I am only thankful you found your way out of such peril. James, take these two horses to the stables, and see that every care is taken of them. Pray bring the lady in, sir."

Colonel St. John lifted Leonora in his arms and fairly carried her into the hall, and for a moment she clung to his arm, giddy from the sudden transition from darkness to light, but in a moment she recovered, and shook the snow from her dress, hair, and hat.

"Now come in here," said the stranger, opening the door of a comfortable sitting-room with a huge fire; "you are both cold and wet, and probably hungry, too."

He rang the bell, which was answered by a respectable looking old matron of sixty or so.

"Mrs. Martinger," said he, "this lady and gentleman have been overtaken and nearly lost in the snow, and will do us the pleasure of remaining the night; so now take the young lady upstairs and attend to her, and get a couple of rooms ready."

"Lawks ha' mercy!" cried the old lady, "the puir dear's quite wet. Come along, ye pretty bird."

While the old lady bore off Leonora, their host took St. John upstairs, but as he had a great coat on, he had only to take that off; and fortunately, Leonora always wore a thin black silk dress under her habit, so that she had only to take off her wet habit, and she came out like a silk-worm from its chrysalis.

In the meantime an ample repast had been prepared, and unromantic as it may appear, both our travelers did it full justice.

As they sat by the cheerful blaze after its removal, the two gentlemen enjoying their cigars, while Leonora sat very quiet on a low stool at Louis's feet, she had time to scan their host.

He was a young man—that is about five or six and twenty—not above the middle height but well formed, and with a handsome, frank, pleasant face; but now and then there was a curious flicker in the bright brown eyes, which perhaps only so close and watchful an observer as Leonora de Caldara would have noticed, and it made her a little undecided whether to like him decidedly, or give him a qualified favor.

But for a long time she had sat looking into the fire, not seeing that the keen brown eyes were gazing on her very fixedly.

"You will pardon me for asking, colonel," said their host, suddenly, "but this young lady is scarcely your daughter or sister? Or your wife?" he added, doubtingly.

For half a second Louis St. John paused, then he replied, smiling:

"Oh no, none of the three; only the ward of an old friend, and I have known her from childhood."

Leonora looked up with a smile, saying:

"I'm not enough like him, sir, for a daughter or sister."

"No," said the young man; "and pardon me again, are you English?"

"Not at all, sir," she replied. "I am Spanish—a Castilian."

"I thought you looked foreign," said he. "But you speak English quite purely."

"I have been brought up in England since I was five years old," replied Leonora.

"Do you know any Spanish songs?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, sir, many."

"Would it be too much to ask you to sing one or two?" he inquired; "my own mother was for many years in Spain; and used to sing their songs."

"I am glad I can oblige you, sir," said Leonora, who had not the smallest bit of affectation about her, and rising at once she opened the piano, struck a few chords, and sang one or two plaintive airs in a rich, mellow voice, which, already exquisitely beautiful, gave promise of rare perfection.

The evening passed pleasantly, and in the morning, when they both took leave Louis told Roland Aubrey that when he came to London, he should hope to see him and return his hospitality.

Thus it was that Leonora de Caldara first met Roland Aubrey.

Mrs. Ashton had, as Louis said, guessed that they had taken shelter, and had not therefore been very anxious.

CHAPTER IX.

IN an elegantly furnished drawing-room in Seymour street sat two ladies. One was a gentle looking lady of middle age; the other a young and pretty woman of twenty three, but with more imagination than intellect in her face. The elder was Lady Alice St. John, the mother of Louis and Cuthbert; the younger, her husband's niece, Arabella St. John, whom, early left an orphan, the gentle mother of Louis had completely brought up as her own daughter.

Lady Alice is like Louis, or rather he is like her; though her face is softened into an eminently womanly one. She had the same golden hair, the somewhat Grecian nose, and clear, trustful eyes, and the same expression of face, and in youth she had been pre-eminently beautiful; even now she was undeniably still a lovely woman, and at fifty-three looked barely forty five.

Both ladies were evidently waiting for some arrival; for Arabella kept going to the window, and Lady Alice did not read very steadily.

It was shortly after Easter, and the truth was they were expecting a young lady whom Lady Alice had engaged as a companion to her niece, and that young lady was Theresa Stanfeld, who had left school at Easter, and immediately put in force the intention Margaret had mentioned, of separating herself from her father and a home that was a wretched one.

She had heard of Lady Alice's wanting a companion for her niece simply enough; for the lady had mentioned it to Marion Rochester, and she in one of her letter to Leonora passingly repeated it, and Leonora immediately thought of Theresa.

That was the way it had come about; and now they were hourly expecting her arrival; Arabella with the greatest curiosity, for she had been absent when her aunt saw and engaged Theresa.

"What is she like, aunt?" she asked for the dozenth time, and still Alice St. John answered, "Wait and see."

At length wheels stopped, and presently Miss Stanfeld was announced, and Miss Stanfeld appeared—no school girl awkwardness about her; easy, self possession characterised her now, a perfect lady.

Arabella was decidedly satisfied with the result of her survey. Theresa was decidedly lovely, though

Not like a nymph or goddess of old.

You could not have chiselled a statue from her as you could from Leonora's classic face and head, but you could have made a glowing painting of her. She had a broad, observant looking forehead, and an arch mouth; though the restlessness of the clear, full eye, and quick quiver of the red lips betrayed the hasty impetuosity of temper which Leonora had spoken of. Her figure was pretty and elegant, so that, looking at her, with her brilliantly fair skin and sunny brown hair, you only thought how very lovely she was, and forgot that her beauties were not statue like.

Yes, Arabella was decidedly pleased. She liked pretty people, and, with all her faults—and they were many—she had no petty jealousy of a face prettier than her own. She received her new friend warmly, as a friend, with almost childlike cordiality; for in all but actual numerical years she was seventeen, and Lady Alice was pleased.

Arabella herself conducted Theresa to her room, and assisted her to remove her walking dress.

"I m sure I shall like you," she said, with a frank, girlish laugh. "I always like or dislike a face at first sight."

"Then I hope, Miss St. John, that you like mine at first sight."

"I assure you I do," replied Arabella. "Oh, dear," she added, "there's the dressing bell for dinner. I must run and dress, but I'll send my maid to you."

"No, pray do not," said Theresa. "I am accustomed to do everything for myself."

It was not till after dinner and they were seated round the drawing room fire, that Lady Alice would permit any questions to be addressed to Theresa, and then she herself said, "Did you come up from Forest Moor all alone, my dear?"

"No, Lady Alice," she replied; "my father's groom, who has been some years with us, came with me to your door."

"That was well," said Lady Alice. "You are very recently from school, are you not?"

"Yes, madam," was the reply; "and both Miss Rochester and Leonora de Caldara send you their love."

"Ah, they are old friends of mine," said Lady Alice. "My son Louis was at Eton with Leonora's guardian."

"Didn't you hate school?" said Arabella. "I used to do so."

"No, I was very happy at Mrs. Ashton's," replied Theresa. "It is a school, I think, that is one in a thousand."

"So Mrs Rochester told me," said Lady Alice. "I wish I had known of it in Arabella's school-days."

"I wish you had, aunt," said Arabella. "I should have escaped many a task and ache of mind and body. Is Yellowfield pretty? Does my cousin like it?" she added to Theresa.

"My son," explained Lady Alice; "how does he like his incumbency?"

"I really cannot say, Lady Alice, for we principally attended the vicar's church," she replied; "but, frankly, Lady Alice, the village is in two parties. The first party like your son; the second like the vicar; I didn't; and Leonora, Isbel, and some others, used to go to St Mary Grace; for there they had good singing at least, and better sermons than the vicar gave. He was a Pharisee."

"You are fond of music, then?" said Alice St. John.

"Very," was the reply. "I wish I was such a musician as some I know."

"Have you ever heard Castelnau, the French singer?" asked Lady Alice.

"No, ma'am," replied Theresa; "I have never been in London till now."

"Indeed," said Lady Alice; "you have much, indeed, to see. We must take you sight-seeing, and Castelnau, you must hear him; he sings the day after to morrow, the first opera night, and brings out his daughter for the first time in England, in Les Huguenots. I will write this minute, and ask Sir Angelo Egerton for the loan of his box. Arabella give me my desk."

The note was written and despatched by a servant to St. James's Square. In an hour the messenger brought back a note, which Lady Alice glanced through and read aloud—

"DEAR LADY ALICE.—I am going to-morrow to fetch Leonora for a couple of days, in order to take her to witness the debut of Castelnau's daughter; and I shall be most happy if you will join us. We will call for you and your young friends at seven o clock on Thursday. Yours, truly,

ANGELO H. EGERTON."

"There," said the lady, with a smile, "that's gentlemanly, to escort us as well. He knows Castelnau, too; we may get introduced to him."

CHAPTER X.

"Art is long, and time is fleeting," and the days and months flew by swiftly. And the statesman sat in his cabinet, and schemed, and planned, and dreamed in

his aspiring soul of ambition and power yet to be grasped. And the exile artist, in the fair and far off land of his exile, saw in the vision of his mind his distant native hills, and dreamed of fame and his noble art—

> But, alas! his fair ideal
> Vanish'd and escaped him still;

And the child, who had never been a child, sat wakeful and watchful in the still midnight, and dreamed of the man whom, unconsciously to her own heart, she so deeply loved and of the end to which she was so steadfastly treading for his sake.

Thus winter had given place to spring, and spring had vanished into summer, and the hot June sun streamed into the schoolroom windows of Ashton House, but it was a Wednesday afternoon, and the rooms were deserted, save for one solitary form bending over one of the tables.

It was Leonora de Caldara, a sheet of drawing paper before her, a pencil in her slender fingers, a box of crayons near her; and there was a curious expression about her face as the work grew rapidly beneath her skilled hand, which told that it was one that had interested something deeper than her artist's eye—something on her brow of haughty triumph—something of almost dark joy in the black eyes and compressed lips, that was not wont to be there.

The pencil sketch is done, she takes up a crayon, and still works on, as if life and death hung on its execution. Hours passed: the shadows grew longer and longer; her hand grew wearied, and her chest ached from stooping so long; but she heeded nothing till the last touch was put, and then she held it off to look at it. A man's head and figure to the shoulders. A dark, evil face, that might have been a fiend's, for any redeeming point it had in it; and the youthful artist laid it down with a heavily drawn sigh, such as one heaves when some intolerable weight is removed.

But at that moment a light form sprang in through the French window, and ere even Leonora's quickness could cover the crayon, Margaret Arundel was there, her hand on the paper, her gaze on the picture.

"Merciful Heaven!" she exclaimed, recoiling suddenly; "where did you see him?"

For a moment there was an almost wild light in the Spaniard's black eyes, but her habitual self control did not fail her, and she said quietly:

"I don't know why you are so startled. I saw a face like that years, long years ago, and now I draw it. Is that strange?"

"No, no," said Margaret; "but where did you know him? Do you know who it is?"

"I would give the best years of my life to know," replied Leonora, with a passionate energy that was startling to see in one Margaret had only seen till now calm, cold, and passionless.

"Dear Leonora, don't look like that," said Margaret, almost fearfully. "It is only so like—so exactly like my uncle's nephew, Arthur Vivian."

Leonora moved her hand slowly, and pressed it tightly to her heart, and a dark smile crossed her lips and gleamed in her eyes as she murmured, in her own language:

"Found at last—found at last!"

"Margaret," she said, abruptly, "do you like this cousin?"

"He is no cousin of mine," said Margaret, shuddering, "nor his uncle either. I hate and fear both him and old Stephen Stanfeld."

"Is that your uncle's name?" said the Castilian, laying her hand on Margaret's shoulder.

"That's his name," she replied; "but he's not my uncle, and any girl but you would have known exactly who I was by this time."

"I don't care to inquire into other people's affairs unless I find they have something to do with me," said Leonora; "now I find that your affairs have much to do with me. I could tell you more about Stanfeld and Vivian than you dream of. Margaret, can you keep a quiet tone?"

"Yes, Leonora, if you wish it," she replied.

"I do wish it," said Leonora; "say nothing of this drawing or what we have said, but get up at five to-morrow and come with me in the grounds; or, stay; you sleep alone in that little room at the end of passage, don't you?"

"Yes," she replied.

"Keep awake and I will come to you when they are all in bed," said Leonora.

She turned away, locked the crayon in her desk, and glided from the room.

It may be conceived with what feelings Margaret retired to her solitary chamber. The bright full moonlight streamed broadly in, and she lay awake counting the minutes, each of which seemed an hour; she heard half past ten strike, then eleven, then half-past eleven—all was silent, so still that the silence grew so intense that it hummed in her ears

> Like the humming of many bees;

and then twelve began striking. Would it never have done? the strokes died away in the intensity of the silence, and then broke forth again with a loud startling sound.

As the last stroke died away the door softly opened, and Leonora glided silently in, her feet bare, and a white cashmere morning robe over her night dress. She bolted the door, and then sat down upon the edge of the bed.

"Stay where you are," said she, "and speak very low."

"Leonora," said Margaret, "how very white you are; you look ghastly, or is it only the cold moonlight?"

"Never mind what is," she replied. "You wondered to-day that I had never asked anything about you or your antecedents; but now you will do me a favor by telling everything about yourself and these people."

"Strange and incomprehensible being!" said Margaret. "Are you in earnest?"

"Look at me and see," said Leonora, sternly. "I do not come here at this hour for a jest."

"It is a long story," said Margaret. "Shall we have time?"

"Yes," was the reply. "Tell it shortly; don't mind being abrupt."

Margaret settled back and began:

"My mother died in giving me birth. I had a sister, four years older than me, and my father, shortly after my mother's death became acquainted (how I don't know) with a gentleman named Stephen Stanfeld, who owned a great property, called Forest Moor. From that evil day my father went wrong; he had never been very strong in character, and fell easily under this man's away. My grandfather had been a merchant in South America, and had died intestate, leaving my father absolute possessor of fifty thousand pounds, which my father had vested in houses. Well, this Stanfeld got my father into racing habits, and got him to play. Leonora, spare me the details—the old sad story followed. My father kept a racing stud, became a confirmed gambler, betted high—lost. Stanfeld lent him money on the houses; so it went on till one awful night my father staked everything in a gambling house—and lost. He appealed once more to Stanfeld, but he tauntingly told my father he hadn't a penny or a house to mortgage. My father rushed from the gambling house, and flung himself into the river. Oh! Leonora, surely his death lies at Stanfeld's door."

Leonora bent down and kissed her forehead, but spoke no word; and Margaret went on to tell how she had lost her sister—how she must have perished, for Stanfeld would do nothing to find her, and Margaret wept awhile. Then she continued:

"I was then but eight years old, friendless and penniless. Stanfeld had some feeling left, or rather I believe his wife persuaded him, and he brought me up and sent me to school. Personally he is harsh to me, as to all else. Have I not some right to hate the man who drove my father to wrong and suicide, and who robbed me and mine of everything? It is but a poor recompense to educate me——"

The Spaniard raised her hand warningly, and continued:

"You wish to know more of Stanfeld. How he became owner of Forest Moor I don't know, but probably by some roguery; for it had, I believe, belonged to a family named Surrey."

"You spoke of his wife?" spoke Leonora.

"Poor thing!—she paid dearly for her wrong-doing," answered Margaret. "She was the daughter, the only child of Everard of Bond street. But Stanfeld crossed her path—his handsome face took her fancy, and her gold took his; but old Everard wouldn't hear of it, so she fled, and married Stanfeld; for he made sure that the old man would then forgive his daughter, and give her a dower; and so he did, but so tied up, that Stanfeld couldn't touch a penny in any way. And then he treated his wife cruelly. She had only two children, Eveline and Theresa, but they were still children when their mother died broken hearted. We were kept like recluses at Forest Moor till six years ago; when Theresa and I were sent to school, and Eveline married."

"But Vivian," said Leonora; "what of him?"

Margaret shuddered.

"I never saw him till about six years ago, when Stanfeld brought him down to Forest Moor and introduced him as his nephew. Somehow or another, he fascinated and infatuated Eveline, and shortly after I came here they married her to him."

"Father of Mercy!" said the Spaniard, in an accent of such horror that Margaret said, in alarm:

"What is the matter? Oh, Leonora, tell me!"

"Is he living at the Moor, Margaret?"

"Eveline is always there; but Arthur is only there on and off."

"Will he be there during the holidays—after we leave school, Margaret?"

"Yes," she replied. "I wish to Heaven he wasn't!"

"I thank a just God that he is!" said Leonora, almost solemnly.

Deeply awed, Margaret gazed on her, and then said fearfully:

"Leonora, in pity tell me what you know of this man—what awful crime is on his head?"

Leonora de Caldara bent forward, and the one word she uttered sounded awful in the ghastly stillness of that lonely midnight hour—

"Murder!"

"Leonora, oh, Leonora!" said Margaret.

"And now listen to me," said Leonora. She bent down and whispered long and earnestly, and then said aloud, "Will you do this, Margaret?"

"I will! Heart and soul, I will!" said Margaret Arundel, firmly. "God help you, Leonora in your purpose."

Leonora, who had moved to the door, turned her weird like face on her, and raised her white hand upward. The next moment she was gone like some phantom of the night. And the mournful night winds wailed their ceaseless "Nevermore—nevermore!" and another night sunk and dwindled into the irrevocable Past.

CHAPTER XI.

"WALTER, my boy, come down and hear this!" called the rich voice of Julian Rothesay from the hall, intending to summon his pupil from the painting room upstairs, and in a minute a handsome, manly youth of nineteen or twenty appeared, in whom, though much changed, we may recognize the same boy who, four years and a half before, had gazed with such wondering admiration on the masterpieces of Art in the library of the high-born Egerton.

"What is it?" he asked, following Julian into the sitting room.

"A letter from Angelo Egerton," was the reply. "Listen."

"'Dear Julian,—Expect me in about a fortnight; for Parliament rises in ten days or so, and I can contrive a flying visit then—for I must see you. How does your pupil Walter get on? Remember me to him, and tell him that I think he will be wanted after Christmas.

"'Yours faithfully,

"'A. R Egerton.'"

"I am very glad he's coming," said Walter; "we have not seen him for so long—more than a year."

"Not since his party came into office," replied Julian. "I called you because I thought you would like to know."

"I hope he will bring the Senorita Leonora," said Walter.

"He says nothing of it," replied Julian; "but now I must see that my studio is in order; for I think it is to-day that the Signora Genevro della Scala is to come for her first sitting."

And the artist left the room.

The fortnight passed slowly, but returning one morning from a walk with young Surrey, Julian was met in the entrance hall by Leon, the Spanish hound, and exclaiming, "By Jove! they are here!" he flung wide the half open door, to see Egerton leaning against the book case, and Leonora leisurely reclining amongst the cushions of a fauteuil.

"Angelo, old boy, a thousand welcomes!" exclaimed Julian, as he grasped the hand of his old friend.

In silence Angelo closed his strong right hand on Julian's, and then the latter turned towards Leonora, who had risen. He took both her little hands in his, and said smiling—his beautiful winning smile—

"I suppose I mustn't kiss you now!"

"Not unless you like, Julian," said Leonora, with an answering smile.

"I do like it. Ah, light of mine eyes!"

And bending down he kissed her brow and lips, for he had known her from childhood and loved her only next to Egerton, and the same ties that bound him to Angelo bound him to her.

Surrey had remained in the hall, but now he entered, and met Egerton and Leonora with the warmth and pleasure he felt, and could not if he would have concealed it.

"And now how long can you give us, Angelo?" said the artist.

"Not four and twenty hours," was the reply. "I was able to obtain leave for a few days, as my business was important; but you are aware that it is—and rightly—against all custom for any of the ministry to cross seas, and leave is only given in an urgent case. So we are off again by to-morrow."

"How tiresome!" said Julian. "Well, we must make the most of you. You don't go to the hotel this time, I promise you."

Egerton smiled, and turning to Surrey, said:

"My dear Walter, are you still of the same mind as to the painting?"

"I am fond of it as ever," said the young man, raising his bright hazel eyes to Egerton's; "but I will do exactly as you wish about it."

"Then you will continue it, even when you are of age and in possession of your property," said Egerton. "Idleness is the worst possible school for a young man, especially a young man of property and position. If you do not think you shall like painting as an occupation, you can go to the bar; I could push you there; only I tell you frankly, I don't think your talent lies either in that way, or in politics."

"Oh! I love my beautiful art as much, Sir Angelo, as you love your ambition and power," said Surrey, with all his bright young enthusiasm sparkling in his eyes and face. "I almost wish I was still poor and friendless, that I might make my own name as Julian is doing now. I could—I would do it."

The man of the world looked at the youth, and said with his grave half sad smile:

"My dear Walter, never imagine that wealth and position are to be laughed at, or despised—neither things to be prized too much. They are God's gifts; and, with reverence to Him, a strict account must be rendered. The powerful have a heavy responsibility."

There was a short silence, and then Julian said:

"How does his lawsuit get on?"

"Well," replied Egerton, "it will come on after the vacation, I think; and then Walter must come, for we mean to have parole evidence. Stanfeld actually put in an answer, denying that the young man I brought forward was the son of Colonel Surrey, old Herbert Surrey's son, who, he declares, died in India, shortly after his arrival; but his game is evidently to make every delay, and gain as much time as possible."

So they passed the time till dinner, and after dinner Walter left them, saying that he had a picture he must finish; and the three, whom circumstances had so strangely bound together, were alone.

Leonora, knowing what Angelo had to tell, rose to go away; but Julian said:

"Do not go on my account, Leonora," and she remained.

"Julian," said Egerton, "the day we have watched and waited for till heart and brain grow sick, has come at last. At last that black villain, for whose crime you have suffered so many years, is found."

Julian started—his lip quivered—and turning abruptly aside, he covered his face with his hands, totally unable to master his emotion completely, though self-control had been taught him in the bitter, harsh school of adversity. But there are moments when the most iron self command and pride must give way. It was only for a minute or two, and then he raised his face, and said in a low, unsteady voice.

"Thank Heaven for its great mercy! Tell me all, Angelo."

"Leonora shall speak, for she found him," he replied. "It is she who will be the sole means of bringing it home to him."

"God bless you, Leonora!" said Julian, clasping her hand; "for your dear face has been a constant blessing since the hour you came among us."

Then she told him all the reader knows of the sketch—of Margaret's recognition, and her own sad story, and then she told him her whole plan for completely convicting Arthur Vivian—a plan so daring and so dangerous, that Julian exclaimed:

"Angelo, this must not be—not for me. Evil will come to her. You must not allow it."

"It is too late!" said Egerton; "I have passed her my sacred word to let her have her way."

Leonora glanced at him, and a look of pain crossed her face, as she said, earnestly:

"Indeed, indeed there is no danger to me. I am a match for him, and Heaven will help," and she bent her head reverently. "Do you think I have watched so long to fling all away when the weapon is in my hands! No, I have too much of Egerton's nature in me for that. Was that man's face so burned into my memory for nothing? Hard, indeed, was it to make Angelo yield, but he did at last, and he cannot retract."

"Angelo, look at this girl!" said Julian, "She is your breathing likeness now, more than ever I saw her before. I oppose you no more, my guardian angel; the result is in Higher hands than ours."

"Look at the sketch," said Egerton laying the crayon on the table; but now underneath it was written:

"This was drawn by me on the 27th June, 18—, from memory, never having seen the original for eight years and a half.

"Leonora Jesuita Maria de Caldara."

"I saw this sketch drawn, June 27th, 18—

Margaret Arundel."

[To be continued.]

The Baptists of Dover, Me., were without a pastor. A young man came along, introduced himself as the Rev. Mr. Stedman, preached a few trial sermons, made a most favorable impression, and was permanently engaged. He soon married a deacon's daughter, and his remarkably fine sermons sustained his popularity, although his wife and others observed that he was a little inclined to flirt with the girls. But the church is now agitated by the discovery that his sermons have all been stolen from the Rev. Dr. Storrs' works, and that he is no ordained clergyman.

A mutiny took place on a Russian war vessel within the port of Copenhagen, in which two officers came near losing their lives. Two of the mutineers were condemned to be hanged from the yard arm, but permission for the hanging was refused by the Danish Government. It was, therefore, necessary to postpone the hanging until the vessel had put out to sea.

HOPE.

BY S. L.

I lay in grief,
And Hope drew near to where I tossed alone
Without relief,
And paused a moment when she heard that moan;
Then raised her glowing eyes and met mine own.
Never a word she said,
Yet still I gazed and still was comforted.

Then bending low with wond'rous grace
She laid her hand upon my eyes,
Her cool hand on my burning face,
And at her touch bright visions rise,
Fresh woods and streams and unimagined skies.

In softest tones
She sang the song that has no close,
The deathless song which no one knows
Save she alone;
The song that leaves no memory,
The song of endless victory
And future love;
And as I listened to the voice above
I felt as one returning from the dead;
Slowly I rose and raised my drooping head.

Exchange No Robbery.

BY S. L. S.

DINGLE FARM was a pretty place: its steep tiled roof, covered with yellow lichens, indicated its antiquity, and the numerous farm buildings, ricks, and barns, which stood around in picturesque confusion, marked it as wealthy and prosperous in a language of their own.

Two shady lanes led down to Dingle Farm from the high road, which was more than half a mile distant. This old and attractive place had been for generations in the possession of the Dales, a respectable and wealthy family of farmers, and among the villages and country round was better known by the name of Dale's Farm. It was inhabited at the time of our story—the latter part of the last century—by old Mr. Dale and his widowed daughter-in-law. Richard Dale, her husband, had died soon after the birth of their youngest child, the only surviving son out of four, three of whom died in infancy.

This boy, now thirteen years old, was doted on by his grandfather and widowed mother. An orphan grandchild of old Mr. Dale's—a bright, clever girl of twenty, named Susan Stidolph—lived with them since the death of her mother, his only daughter, and was Mrs. Richard Dale's right hand. She directed the servants, looked after the dairy, fed the poultry, kept the accounts, and always went to market on market-days, Mr. Dale being now too infirm to undertake the journey, and transact business.

The market was held at Hazleton, a town distant from the farm about seven miles; and hither the farmers sent their cattle, poultry, and vegetable produce for sale on the first Wednesday in every month. These journeys were attended with some anxiety and not a little danger from the highwaymen, who still infested the roads, and who did not fail to make use of market day as an available opportunity for plunder. As the road was much frequented on these particular days, Susan went backwards and forwards without fear of an encounter with these uncomfortable gentry.

Susan's sole companion on these trips was Jerry. Jerry was a horse of respectable and ancient appearance, and somewhat clumsy build. She was a good horsewoman, being accustomed to ride about the farm with her grandfather since she was quite a child.

One spring market day Susan rode along, enjoying the fresh morning and the song of the birds. When she turned into the high-road, she found it full of carts, horsemen, and farmers, all bent on the same errand as herself. It was of no moment whether she arrived at Hazleton sooner than her neighbors, so she took no pains to urge on the steady going old horse, and she was soon left alone at the foot of a steep ascent.

Before many minutes had elapsed a gentleman on a fine bay horse overtook her, and reining him in with difficulty, asked if he were right for Hazelton, and if it were market day there.

Susan looked round at him, and was struck with the handsome aquiline face and piercing dark eyes, which seemed to read her through. Dressed in the best fashion of the time, his horse carefully groomed till its glossy coat shone brightly in the sunlight, he made a marked contrast to Susan on her clumsy animal.

"You are bound for the market, too, little maid?" inquired the gentleman, raising his hat as he spoke.

"Yes, sir. All the folks are going there a'most this morning, I think," answered Susan, shyly.

"And what have you there? Chickens and butter?" her interlocutor went on to say. "Do you like the business of buying and selling?"

"It depends on the prices I get for them," returned Susan.

The gentleman laughed, and stopped for a moment to arrange the leather of his stirrup more to his liking; while Susan rode on, wondering what a well-bred man, on a thoroughbred horse, could want at Hazelton on a market day.

The market was becoming very full when Susan reached Hazelton. She at once entered and did her best to effect the sales.

The day soon came to a close; all the marketings were attended with good success, and Susan having made some purchases at the draper's—an old friend of her aunt's, at whose house she usually dined on these occasions—concealed her money, to the amount of $150 in the secret pockets of her corsets, purposely made to stow away these treasures, and mounted Jerry for her ride homewards.

She had not proceeded two miles when the sound of a horse's hoofs struck on her ear; and as she turned to look up the lane to see who it might be, her well dressed acquaintance of the morning rode up to her side and greeted her with a polite bow.

"Well, met, Susan! Why, you're late from market. I hope you have been successful."

"Pretty well," curtly replied the girl, who was inclined usually to be reserved to strangers.

The stranger laughed, and there was something in his manner which made Susan feel uncomfortable.

He proceeded to ask her numerous questions, to which at last she gave only monosyllabic answers. He soon remarked on her taciturnity, and asked her why she was so silent.

"I don't care much to talk with strangers."

"Who do you think I can be, then?" inquired the horseman.

"You may be a highwayman for aught I know," courageously exclaimed the spirited girl.

Her companion laughed.

"What a good guesser you are my dear," said the horseman. "Suppose I take you at your word, and ask you, after the fashion of real highwaymen, to let me look at your purse. Do you see this?" he added, in a jeering tone, drawing a small pistol from his breast-pocket. "Come, out with your money!"

Susan turned pale. For one moment, however, hope revived. The stranger dismounted, and passing his bridle over an overhanging bough of an elder-tree, Susan took the opportunity to whip Jerry into something like a trot; but she had not proceeded many yards when the man came running after, easily overtook her, and, laughing derisively, led her horse back to the same spot, where he again asked her to deliver up her purse to his care.

"Better do it quietly, my dear," he urged. "I shall take it anyway by hook or by crook."

She stoutly refused.

"Well, then, we must try what can be done by searching. It's a tiresome process, but I'm very patient, and not pressed for time to night."

He lifted Susan out of her saddle as easily as if she had been a baby, unsaddled Jerry, turning him loose to graze as he pleased, and commenced searching her baskets. Finding nothing but a few parcels of tea, calico and ribbon, which he carelessly threw down in the road, he next asked the now terrified girl to remove her hat and cloak, and coming close to her, began feeling for her pockets.

Susan's indignation knew no bounds, but the robber only laughed, and told her that he should take every means to extract the money from her, and taking out a large clasp-knife, he said:

"It's such a pity to cut this pretty bodice asunder; but I must, if you are so obstinate. I shall cut your laces if you try my patience too long."

And he began inserting the knife into the lace of her bodice.

Susan, trembling lest she should lose her senses, now made up her mind to part with her money, and assured him that if he would retire out of sight for a few minutes, she would get her money, and give it into his hands.

The robber declared that he could not do that, but that he had no objection to turn his back.

"I don't want to distress you, my dear," he said.

And he pulled out his pistol, and stood waiting.

The poor girl proceeded to take off her dress, and after some difficulty removed her corsets, and donning her cloak hastily, threw them down close to the highwayman's feet.

He seized them, and discovering the pocket, soon rifled it of its contents, and then picked up her dress and began to feel about the linings to see if she had any more concealed there.

As Susan stood shaking and irresolute a sudden thought seized her. Catching up Jerry's saddle, which lay on the ground at her side, she threw it over the hedge, exclaiming: "You shan't have it all at any rate."

The thief, off his guard for a moment, and thinking that the saddle might contain the greater part of the spoil, threw down the dress with an oath, and clambered over the hedge to recover the saddle. One of his pistols fell from his coat to the ground; Susan threw it over the opposite hedge, and releasing the bridle of the robber's horse, climbed nimbly, by the aid of the stirrup, on his back, passed her right knee over the large pistol holster, and giving the animal the reigns, galloped up the lane at a tremendous pace.

A loud curse, and the crack of a pistol, which only caused the horse to increase its speed, followed; but the bullet missed its aim. Susan heard it whiz past in dangerous proximity to her ear, and it then lodged harmlessly in the trunk of an old oak by the wayside.

Away flew the animal like the wind, with Susan on his back, and her courage rose every moment as she remembered that old Jerry had wandered grazing up the lane, and that it would be impossible for the thief to overtake her on the well bred animal she rode, even if he attempted pursuit. For an instant a clattering of hoofs made her look hastily back; but the noise was only a lumbering attempt on the part of old Jerry to follow, and keep up with her. Certain now of safety, she urged the beautiful animal to its utmost speed, and dashed desperately towards home, which she reached almost fainting.

"Goodness gracious!" cried Mrs. Dale, scared at the sight of her; "what does it all mean?"

"I've been robbed, aunt! Oh, dear! all the money's gone!"

And she sobbed still more hysterically.

They led her into the kitchen, and were about to question her further, when all were again startled, as old Jerry came bungling into the yard with a clattering, ungainly gallop, stripped of his usual accoutrements.

"Oh, but to think, aunt!" cried Susan, "that I should lose all the money!"

"What does it matter so long as you're safe, my dear?" said old Mr. Dale, patting her head.

"Why, the horse you were riding is worth more than what you've lost, I'll be bound!" cried Ben. "It's a beauty, grandfather; and the saddle—oh, my! I'll go and fetch it. Hurray!"

Off ran the lad, and calling one of the men, desired him to unsaddle the animal, and groom him down immediately.

The saddle, when removed, proved too heavy for Ben to carry into the house, and old Mr. Dale, who had followed him, to see the horse, wondered at this, and aided him to bring it in. They laid it on the kitchen table, and commenced searching it all over. In the padding they found bank notes to the amount of $1 000, and from an artfully concealed leather lining under the saddle flaps they drew out a large number of gold pieces.

Their astonishment was unbounded. They went on counting and counting till they arrived at the sum of $5 000, and they looked from one to the other, scarcely crediting their senses.

"Well!" exclaimed old Mr. Dale, "the first thing to be done is to give this up to the rightful owners. I think it's our duty to inform the authorities where they are likely to find the ruffian. Deprived of his horse, he cannot proceed far from the spot, and Susan may as well have any reward that the government may be ready to give; and this is likely the man who robbed the stage-coach the other day; they offer a reward of $500 for his capture."

Without delay, Mr. Dale despatched a man with a full description of the robber, and instructions to the authorities as to the likelihood of his being in the neighborhood, and early the next morning a search was made by the officials at Hazleton.

Within three days, the notorious thief, Bob Reeve (for such was his real name, and that by which he was known on the road,) was arrested. He was lodged in jail, and shortly afterwards tried and convicted. The money found in the saddle was duly handed over to the government, who offered half of the reward set on the man's head to Susan. She, however, could not bring herself to accept it, but entreated that she might keep the robber's horse. This she was permitted to do. The money found on the highwayman was restored to Mr. Dale, and poor Susan's mind was, therefore, relieved on this point.

She soon married a farmer in the neighborhood, and never ventured to go to market again alone.

In an English county court last month a lady brought an action against a country jeweler to recover money paid for a ring containing a stone which she had bought as a diamond, but which proved to be what several experts designated as a "Cape stone, falsely called a diamond." These persons added that "Cape diamonds" were comparatively valueless, lacked lustre, hardness and color, the essential qualities of the Brazilian stone. Judgment was for the plaintiff, but the case is to be appealed, and the matter is likely to cause much excitement in the diamond dealing-world.

In the English House of Lords the Prince of Wales presented the petition of 3 258 Norfolk farmers in favor of the bill legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister. He said he believed the measure would be of great advantage to the community at large, and he would support it. The bill was defeated on second reading.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

THE LAND OF CAIN:—The Acadians have a tradition that God enjoined perpetual silence and desolation on Labrador and Anticosti when he gave them to Cain for a heritage. However that may be, it is certain, that while other wilds of the earth yield to man's conquest, these wastes remain ever void and empty. The Indians called the island Natkoottie — the country of wailing.

THE WHITE ELEPHANT:—Every one has heard of the white elephant to which royal and divine honors are paid in Burmah. This extraordinary animal, which is much more brown than white, lives within the palace enclosure, is served from golden vessels, had lands set apart for its maintenance and ranks next to the heir apparent and before all great Ministers of State. In case of illness it is attended by the king's physician, prayers are offered for its recovery by the priests, and when it dies its funeral is conducted with royal honors.

DACCA MUSLIN.—Dacca in India, had once a great reputation for its fabrics of muslin, but the manufacture has in the present day drooped to insignificance. The delicacy of the texture was signified by the native expressions of "running water," and "night dew." Amusing anecdotes are current about the tenuity of the Dacca muslin. One kind, it was said could be produced only on bright moonlit nights, when the atmosphere was heavy with dew. Light, but not too strong a light, was necessary for the artificer to see his work, and damp to moisten the thread and to facilitate the process of weaving. A cow is said to have swallowed a whole breadth of muslin, left out by mistake on the grass, without perceiving it.

A LONG ANT FIGHT.—It seems rather strange to think of a serious battle between two families of ants, but to them, of course, it is as important and terrible as though they were of larger size. A colony of ants had collected a fine lot of seeds and stored them away, when the ants of another family determined to have them for their own use. A large party started for the nest, went at once to the granary of their neighbors and loaded themselves with seeds. Of course the owners resisted, and a battle began. For forty six days that fight raged all the time, there being a constant stream of ants carrying seed from the invaded nest to the home of the robbers! And the battle was only stopped by the watchers finally interfering.

NAMES OF THE FINGERS:—The names formerly given the fingers were: Thumb, Toucher, or Foreman, Longman, Leechman, and Littleman. It's plain enough how Toucher, Longman, and Littleman came by their names, but Leechman got his in this roundabout way: It appears that, in the past, folks believed that a nerve ran straight from the third finger to the heart. Likewise, they thought that this finger felt the effects of poison more quickly and delicately than any of the other fingers. Thirdly, and lastly, they made a point of stirring up their physic with it! As this finger had a great deal to do with sickness, and as they called the man who physicked them—the doctor—a "leech," it saved troubles to give the same name to the physic finger and call it "Leechman."

THE BABY TOWER.—The baby tower of Shanghai. Look through that rent in the stone-work—not too close, or the stream of effluvia may kill you. You see a mound of wisps and bamboo straw. It seems to move, but it is only the crawling of the worms. Sometimes a tiny leg or arm, or a little fleshless bone, protrudes from the straw. The tower is not so full now as I have seen it; they must have cleaned it out recently. Is this a cemetery or a slaughter-house? The Chinese say it is only a tomb. Coffins are dear and the peasantry are poor. When a child dies, the parents wrap it around with bamboo, throw it in at that window, and all is done. When the tower is full the proper authorities burn the heap and spread the ashes over the land. There is no inquiry, no check. The parent has power to kill or save.

SETTING A FASHION:—The celebrated dancer Taglioni not only set the fashions on the stage, but even off it. She has been heard to relate a funny story illustrating the quickness with which she was copied in anything she wore. In Paris, she was going one night to the opera, and took out fresh from its box a new hat just received from her *modiste*. This was in the time when ladies wore hats at the opera; and her new hat being very pretty, of a fine and delicate straw, she straightway put it on for the occasion. A few days afterwards her milliner came to her in consternation. 'Mme Taglioni, what have you been doing? I turned back the brim of your hat, because it was so delicate, that it might not be hurt in the box, and you have worn it so at the opera!' 'Oh!' said Taglioni, "I supposed it was a new fashion." And so it was, Taglioni having worn it; next week all the ladies went to the opera with hats turned back at the brim.

MAY.

BY J. G. PERCIVAL.

I feel a newer life in every gale;
The winds, that fan the flowers,
And with their welcome breathings fill the sail,
Tell of serener hours—
Of hours that glide unfelt away
Beneath the sky of May.

The spirit of the gentle South-wind calls
From his blue throne of air,
And where his whispering voice in music falls
Beauty is budding there;
The bright ones of the valley break
Their slumbers and awake.

The waving verdure rolls along the plain,
And the wide forest weaves,
To welcome back its playful mates again,
A canopy of leaves;
And from its darkening shadow floats
A gush of trembling notes.

Fairer and brighter spreads the reign of May,
The tresses of the woods
With the light dallying of the West-wind play;
And the full-brimming floods,
As gladly to their goal they run,
Hail the returning sun.

INEZ;

—OR,—

LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FOR some moments the count and the lady sat in perfect silence, both collecting their forces for the final struggle.

"You must remember, my lady," said the Italian, at length, "that you are entirely in my power. One word from me, and Lord Lynne will never see you again."

"I am half inclined to speak that word myself," she replied. "I would rather be at Lord Lynne's mercy than in your power."

Looking at her proud, calm face, Count Rinaldo knew that she spoke truly. For the first time he felt that he stood in the presence of his superior.

He did not wish to drive her to extremes. A sudden thought flashed through his mind.

"Inez," he said, "be reasonable. You are happy, prosperous, and beloved. I do not wish to deprive you of all that makes life dear and precious. I am contented to forego my claims if you will give me your assistance."

"In what?" she asked, briefly.

"In helping me to find a rich English wife."

"Do you dare to ask my aid in betraying another as I myself have been betrayed?" she said, proudly.

"See, Inez," he replied, "there is much to be said on both sides. If I meet with any one I like, and am a good and true husband, how can you call that betrayal?"

"You forget," she said, "that you burdened yourself as well as me with vows."

"Ah," said he, "you would imply that, being a married man, I cannot have the happiness of repeating the ceremony; but I have my serious doubts as to whether that hurried marriage of ours stands good in English law. I do not wish to press the matter, as I am sure you would not care to be known to Lord Lynne as having occupied any less dignified position than that of wife."

He had stung her at last; she stood erect before him with flaming eyes.

"If you were a man," she said, "I would slay you."

"I do not doubt it," was the reply, "but you had better coolly and calmly consider the position. I do not wish to interfere with you; what has happened will ever remain buried as regards myself. You are just as you are. I know you love your husband. In return for my forbearance I only ask one favor; when I come to you and tell you I have found the lady I should like to make my wife, promise to help me with all your influence."

"And what if I refuse?" she added.

"In that case my course is very simple," he replied; "I shall go direct to Lord Lynne and ask him for the lady who is, or ought to be, my wife. If the English law is against me, and you are not my wife, your disgrace will be the greater; my lord will spurn you. If you are my wife, you must share your 'earthly goods' with me. I give you the benefit of the doubt. Think twice before you give the world such a delicious dish of scandal over the fair and dainty Lady Lynne. Hark!" he added, suddenly; "that is my lord's voice. I will wait to see him. I am anxious to know more of him."

Inez could not interfere to prevent it; she was obliged to stand by calmly and see her husband touch the hand of the man she loathed. Then Lord Lynne went up to his wife and asked if she was better, and spoke so kindly and tenderly to her that Rinaldo's dark face grew even darker.

"How he loves her, that quiet, cool Englishman! Ah, my lady, you would not like to leave him," he said to himself.

Then the door opened again and Agatha entered. She looked very graceful, the fair sweet face wearing a delicate flush, and a drooping white plume contrasting with the golden hair.

She went up to her sister, and asked anxiously if she felt better.

The Count rose, and Lord Lynne, unconscious that by that very act he was commencing a tragedy, introduced him to his sister in law.

"This," thought Rinaldo to himself, "is the co-heiress; and a fair, dainty creature, too."

From that moment his plans were laid.

Thinking to please his wife, Lord Lynne was most cordial to her friend. He made him welcome in his generous, hospitable way; he pressed him to dine with them, but the look on my lady's face warned him it were better to decline, and not to try her too far.

Count Rinaldo, who possessed a great, almost magical power of charming when he chose, laid himself out to please Lord Lynne and Agatha.

He interested and amused them: when he rose to take his leave they begged him not to be long before he came again.

"We are going to the opera to-morrow evening," said Lord Lynne. "Join us there, and return with us. Lady Lynne expects one or two friends."

Count Rinaldo promised to do so.

"Inez," said Agatha, "why did you never tell us that you had such a nice friend as Count Montalti."

"I do not consider him very 'nice,'" said her sister. "I never thought of naming him; it is so long since I have seen or heard anything of him."

"Where did you know him?" asked Philip; "he is one of the best bred men I ever remember having seen. I did not know you received such courtly visitors in your old castle of Serranto."

"Nor did we, as a rule," she replied. "His coming there was quite accidental."

"It is a wonder he did not fall in love with you, Inez," said Agatha, with a smile. "He must be invulnerable."

"He is the last person I should imagine any one could love," said Inez, hastily; then seeing something like surprise on the face of her husband and sister, she continued carelessly, "I am prejudiced, perhaps; but a frank, noble Englishman seems to me the only kind of man to love. I am heartily tired of dark foreign faces."

Lord Lynne laughed, and thanked her for the implied compliment. Agatha smiled and yet thought her sister's manner strange.

To her husband's distress, Lady Lynne did not recover from the little indisposition that had attacked her on the evening of the ball. She looked ill—her spirits were unequal. At times she seemed to dread going out; and again, no persuasion could induce her to remain at home. They saw her flushed as with a burning fever, and again pale and cold.

"She has been out too much," he thought. "This gay, fashionable life is too great a change for her. I shall be glad when the season is over."

* * * * *

"I do not think I shall go to the opera to-night," said Lady Lynne to Agatha. "I am tired—you can go with Philip."

"As you like, dear," replied Agatha. "Do you think I can entertain two gentlemen? The Count is to join us, you know."

A sudden thought struck Lady Lynne, and her face grew pale.

"I had half forgotten that," she said. "I think I will go."

Agatha wondered why her sister looked half impatient when she saw her in her white opera dress.

"What pains you have taken with your toilette to-night, Agatha!" she said. "Are you equipped for conquest?"

"No," replied the young girl, with a smile. "Conquests are not in my line."

She did look very sweet and lovely in a dress of rich white lace, without any ornaments, except a simple green wreath in her golden hair.

Many were the glasses directed to Lady Lynne's box that evening. The contrast between the glowing, magnificent beauty of the Andalusian and the delicate loveliness of her sister struck and charmed every one. People wondered, too, who that dark, handsome man was, bending so attentively over the young Eglish girl. To Lady Lynne he was deferential, almost reverential; to her sister he was all that one could imagine a chivalrous and courteous man to be.

It was a gay little party assembled that evening in the cosy boudoir of Lady Lynne; supper was already prepared, and no one seemed so animated or so happy as the count. He did not conceal his great admiration of the golden haired, graceful girl, by whose side he lingered. He amused and interested every one—his social talents were of no mean order; and Count Rinaldo seemed in a fair way to find an easy entree into the highest and most exclusive circles in London. Later in the evening the conversation turned upon the autumn and its sport.

"Come down with us to Lynnewolde Court," said Lord Lynne. "If you know nothing of English country-house life, it will amuse you; we can find you some good shooting, too."

A flush of gratification spread over the count's face.

"I shall be most happy, my lord," he replied, "to avail myself of your kindness."

As he spoke his eyes fell upon Lady Lynne's face, and he read there that if it were in her power to prevent it he should never go to Lynnewolde.

Without being able to protest against it, Lady Lynne found herself obliged to receive the count as a daily visitor at her house. He did not again seek a private interview with her; on the contrary, he shunned it. He never gave her any opportunity of speaking to him, save in the presence of others. He was careful, too, he did not push his victory too far. He cautiously abstained from every word or look that could displease or irritate her. Lord Lynne and Agatha were much amused at what they deemed her capricious dislike to Count Rinaldo.

"It is all of a piece, Inez," said her husband to her one day. "I believe you detest Spain, Serranto, and everything and everybody connected with them."

"You are quite right," she replied. "I should like best never to hear even the name again."

The young lord thought with pity how wretched and dull her existence must have been, that she dreaded even to think of it.

Life was almost intolerable to Lady Lynne. It was little wonder that her cheeks grew pale and her eyes dim. Some women have suffered less, and have died of the pain. It was not only the undying remorse, the bitter shame of that miserable past,—not only the hatred and loathing she felt for the count, the scorn she had for herself,—but she could not endure the deception practised upon the noble, honest man who had made her his wife. There were times when she felt inclined to kneel at his feet and tell him all. She knew his notions of honor were rigid and unbending. If it broke his own heart and hers she knew that he would leave her that very hour, and never see her again. He would not reproach her,—no angry words would fall from his lips,—he would show neither scorn nor contempt,—nay, he would pity her youth and folly,—for Lord Lynne was ever gentle and tender in his treatment of women; but he would never see her again. She had sinned to win him; could she bear to lose him? She was still young,—a long life lay before her; how could she bear its dreary blank without him? No; at any cost she must keep her secret, even though the anguish of bearing it consumed her strength and her life. From that sad, tortured breast there rose night and day that one wailing cry, "My sin has found me out." Outwardly there was no sign of anything wrong. No one could have dreamed there was a skeleton in the closet of that beautiful, brilliant Lady Lynne. She was still the reigning belle, the leading star of fashion; the wealthy, the noble, the great—all laid their homage at her feet. Invitations poured in upon her. Day by day she became more popular and admired. Little thought those who looked with wonder and envy upon her beauty and her wealth, that this magnificent lady would gladly have changed places with the poorest and meanest to have enjoyed that greatest of all blessings, the charm of a good and peaceful conscience,—a blessing that was never again to fall to the lot of Inez Lynne.

Lord Lynne really liked the society of Count Rinaldo. The wily Italian had the great art how to flatter so delicately that it was impossible to detect in his gay, courteous words any flattery at all. Agatha liked him in her gentle undemonstrative way. She laughed at his gallant compliments, and smiled at his admiration. No day passed without it bringing the count, under some pretext or other, to Lord Lynne's house; and Inez dared not object; she dared not say much of her dislike,—she had to conceal it under a semblance of indifference. She dreaded being questioned by her husband and Agatha as to how and why she alone disliked the gay and courteous count.

One evening as the count was taking leave of her he slipped a little note into her hand; when she was alone she read it. There were but few lines, but they contained the death warrant of Inez Lynne.

"The time has come when I claim your assistance. I love your sister Agatha, and by your help and influence intend to make her my wife."

CHAPTER XXV.

IT was with the calmness of despair that Lady Lynne read the little pencilled note, of such fatal import to her.

"I must save her," she said, "at any cost. I have betrayed myself,—betrayed my husband; but I will not add to my guilt,—I will not betray my sister."

She thought of many plans by which this could be averted without any open rupture between Rinaldo and herself. The one she decided upon at last was, warning Agatha that the Italian was learning to love her. If her sister did not care for him, all would be well; but if she loved, or was inclined to love him, then she must be warned of his treacherous character. If that did not suffice, other steps must be taken, even if they were fatal to herself; but in any case, that golden haired, gentle sister, whose lover she had taken from her, must not, should not be sacrificed. In her own mind she resolved to save Agatha.

On the following day Inez was going in the evening to a grand concert given at Lifford House, the residence of her Grace the Duchess of Silverton. Lord Lynne had asked Rinaldo to accompany them, and he had promised to do so.

It was under pretence of some questions about her dress that Lady Lynne sought her sister's room. She found Agatha reading, and smiled as her eyes fell upon the book.

"How studious you are," she said. "Tell me, Agatha, have you decided about your dress for Lifford House?"

"No," replied her sister, in some surprise. "I do not know that I have thought of it yet. Michell always arranges my dress."

"I want you to look very nice," said Lady Lynne. "The season will soon be over now, and I am ambitious for my sister. I should like her to return to Lynnewolde the promised bride of some one worthy of her. The Marquis of Hortington likes you more than any one else: if you gave him a little encouragement he would soon be at your feet."

"What a new and novel character for you to appear in, Inez," replied Agatha, with a bright smile. "I never knew you to be the least bit of a matchmaker before."

There was not the least shadow of pain on her fair young face as she spoke; the old wound was healed, and no trace of it remained.

"I do not like the marquis," she continued; "and, Inez dear, if the truth must be told, I may say that I do not like London, or London life, or its fashion, or its gaiety. I am not made for it, as you are. I should be a thousand times happier at Lynnewolde."

"But you must marry some day," said Inez.

"I do not see the necessity," she replied, gaily. "If ever I do marry, it will be some one with tastes like my own, who loves the country, and will not bring me to this wretched London every year."

Lady Lynne gave a sigh of great relief.

"You would never marry a fashionable man, then?" she said.

"No, never," replied Agatha, honestly. "But tell me, what has given you this anxiety about me?"

That was the opening Lady Lynne waited for.

"I have been thinking a great deal about you lately, my dear," said Inez, affectionately. "I cannot help seeing that Count Montalti is very much in love with you."

"In love with me!" said Agatha. "I think not,—I hope not."

"Then you do not care for him?" asked Lady Lynne, eagerly.

"Care for him!—oh no," was the reply. "He is amusing and interesting; but I am not quite sure if I like him. There is something about him, I cannot define what, which gives me the impression that he is false. I hope that I am not judging him unkindly."

"I think you are right in your opinion," said Lady Lynne. "And now, Agatha dear, will you let me give you a little advice?"

"As much as you please," she replied.

"Then let me ask you to alter your conduct towards Count Rinaldo," continued Inez. "Philip likes him, and he is often here. He loves you, I am sure; and from your kindness and amiability he has drawn great hopes. He does not understand you. He thinks, because you smile as you listen to him, and talk to him frankly and kindly, you return his love. You must avoid him. I know what the Italian nature is. If you continue to give him what he considers encouragement, he will propose to you; and then, if you refuse him, he will say that you have trifled with him. And, Agatha, of the few things which I dread, the revenge of an Italian is the worst. If you should accept him, I am convinced you would be wretched for life."

"I should never dream of it," replied Agatha, who had grown pale and silent while her sister spoke. "I did not even know that he liked me."

"He loves you," said Lady Lynne; "and the love of such a man is dangerous."

"What am I to do?" asked Agatha, hopelessly. "I wish we were back again, at Lynnewolde."

"You can do nothing," said Lady Lynne, "but gradually shun him. Do not talk to him more than you can help. Do not smile and look interested when he speaks; avoid taking his arm as much as you can; but mind, this must be done gradually; it would be dangerous to arouse suddenly the anger or jealousy of such a man."

"I never want to see him again," said

Agatha, half impatiently. "What have I to do with him, or he with me, that I should fear him?"

"What indeed?" sighed Lady Lynne to herself; then she turned the subject to that of her sister's dress. She felt a indescribable relief. After all, if Rinaldo saw that Agatha did not like him, and would never love him, he could not blame her for that. He would simply turn his attention to some one else.

One part of her task was accomplished. Lady Lynne went to look for her husband. He was in the library, wearing what was for him a grave if not sorrowful expression, and she passed her arm caressingly round his neck.

"What is the matter, Philip?" she said, gently. "Why are you looking so sad?"

"I am vexed with myself, Inez," he replied, kissing the beautiful face, always so bright and loving for him. "Life has been so brilliant and pleasant for me lately, that I have been neglectful where I ought to have been kind."

"Tell me about it," she said.

"That I will," he replied. "There is nothing like owning one's faults cordially. Some years ago I knew the Earl of Wyverne. I met him abroad, and he took a great fancy to me. I went to visit him at Severnoke Castle. You remember you sent a telegraph to me there?"

"I remember," she replied, gently.

"He has only one child," continued Lord Lynne,—"a beautiful girl of seventeen; and he was passionately fond of her. He confided all his affairs to me. His one great grief was, that at his death this idolised child would be left penniless. I said nothing to him, but in my own mind I resolved that my mother should befriend Lady Florence. I never heard of the earl's death, which took place last year; and I am told that his idolised daughter is out in the world, gaining her livelihood as she best can."

"But had she no relations who could have adopted her—no friends who could have helped her?" asked Inez.

"None, it appears," replied her husband. "She had spent all her life at Severnoke Castle; and the poor ruined, prodigal earl had few friends. The man who succeeded him—a distant relative, whom he detested—was so enraged at the condition in which he found the estates, that even in the presence of Lady Florence he spoke most unkindly of her father. This so aroused her pride, that when he reluctantly offered her a small annuity from the estates, she proudly refused it."

"I like her for that," interrupted Inez.

"Tne only friend she had was a distant cousin,—Lady Blake,—who offered her a home. Not knowing what else to do, she accepted the offer; but Lady Blake never could cease harping upon her father's faults; and, in sheer disgust, the poor girl looked out for and found a situation as travelling companion, and left England some months ago."

"Who told you all this?" asked his wife.

"The lawyer who managed the poor old earl's affairs; and, by the way," continued Lord Lynne, "I shall note that man. He had tears in his eyes when he spoke of Lady Florence; and I should imagine such a thing as a 'lawyer's tears' to be a wonderful rarity. She has dropped her title, and has gone abroad with some merchant's family, I think he said."

"Poor girl!" said Lady Lynne. "It is a sad story, Philip."

"A story that I, who called myself her father's friend, ought to be ashamed of telling," he said. "I cannot pardon myself. Poor, friendless child!—she would think I had deserted her in her hour of bitter need. I shall never rest until we have some trace of her; and then Inez, my dear wife, you must atone to her for my neglect."

"That I will," replied Lady Lynne, cordially, "I will help you by every means in my power, Philip. And now, dear, if you have a few minutes' leisure, I want to speak to you."

"I am all attention," said Lord Lynne.

For half a moment his wife laid her face upon his shoulder, while a look of unutterable weariness stole over her. How she loathed and hated this necessity for manœuvring!

"You must not think me a matchmaker, Philip," she said; "and you must please promise to keep my secret faithfully if I tell you I have observed something."

"I will be all discretion and wisdom," he replied, gaily.

"I think," she continued,—"nay, I am sure, that the Marquis of Hortington admires Agatha very much. It would be an excellent match for her."

"I should think it would," interrupted Lord Lynne. "He is one of the best young fellows I know, and he will be immensely rich. Do you really think there is anything in it, Inez?"

"I am sure that if he saw more of her he would soon propose to her," she replied, "that is what I wanted to speak to you about, Philip. You must invite him here. We always have a house full of visitors; but I do not think we consider Agatha enough. She does not care for those foreigners and elderly people whom we find useful. Let us give a dinner party and invite Lord Hortington."

"I will do anything you wish darling," said Lord Lynne, admiringly. "What a wise woman of the world you are."

"Another thing I thought of," said his wife; "those formal dinner parties are very well, but for real intimacy there is nothing like those *petits soupers* you are so fond of."

"That is true," said Lord Lynne, with an air of profound wisdom.

"You are sure to see Lord Hortington some time to day," she continued; "ask him to join our party and go to the concert with us. You will find how eagerly he accepts the invitation. Then, casually as it were, ask him to return with us when the concert is over. He can have a seat in our carriage."

"Of course he can," replied her husband. "But I forgot though,—your friend Count Rinaldo is to go with us."

"To be sure he is," said Inez. "I remember now, you asked him. Well, we must not be selfish, and let Agatha be always sacrificed to our friends. They must both go. I see nothing against it."

"Nor do I," said Lord Lynne. "But I really blame myself that I have not thought of these things before. I will drop in at the club this morning: I am sure to meet Hortington there."

"So far, well," said Lady Lynne, as she watched her husband leave the house. "You will find your opponent worthy of you, Count Rinaldo, and in the end I shall win. When did I ever fail?"

Agatha felt that all the troubles in the world were heaped upon her when Lord Lynne announced that the Marquis of Hortington was going with them to Lifford House.

"They will positively both be there," she said to herself with a deep sigh. "What shall I do? I wish I were like Inez. Nothing troubles her."

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE concert at Lifford House was a brilliant success, for the *elite* of the fashionable world were present, and the music was of the best.

One group in that large and sumptuously-appointed room attracted more attention than any other. It consisted of the "beautiful Andalusian," as Lady Lynne was called, and her graceful sister. They were attended by the "handsome Italian"—the name by which Count Rinaldo was generally known—and the best *parti* of the season, the "observed of all observers," the young and wealthy Marquis of Hortington. Something like a flutter of distress went through the ranks of dowagers and daughters when they noted his attention to the graceful, elegant Miss Lynne. To be sure she was an heiress and a very wealthy one if rumors spoke truly. She was of good family, too; no one could deny that. There was also something of the *prestige* of fashion about her, thanks to the beauty and magnificence of her sister, Lady Lynne. But, as the Countess Dowager of Strathon whispered to Lady Clonallon, "He might do much better. He could marry the daughter of the first peer in England, if he would. What can he see in that blonde, shy beauty, Miss Lynne?"

It was evident the marquis saw something in her which attracted him very forcibly; his attentions to her were so marked and deferential that a dark frown gradually overspread the face of the Italian.

If Lady Lynne had not been so thoroughly wretched she would have felt amused at her sister's evident desire to be freed from both admirers. There was nothing of the coquette in Agatha; since her sister's warning, she had had rather a dread of the count; and she cared no more for the marquis, with his title, his wealth, and his estates, than she did for any other of the young men who sighed and made sentimental speeches to her.

Lady Eversleigh was almost in despair as she watched this trio.

"Could any one imagine," she said to herself, "any creature so entirely without tact? With one kind look and a few kind words, Agatha Lynne might be Marchioness of Hortington, and she neither gives one nor the other. Did ever a girl throw away such a chance?"

All unconscious of the interest, the envy, and the jealousy she was causing, Agatha was wishing that the concert was over. She had something approaching fear for the count. None of the terrible things that Inez had prophesied should come true if she could help it. She would show him decidedly that his attentions were all thrown away. For the marquis she had a quiet kind of liking and some little pity. He was so kind and ingenuous, so simple and unaffected, she could not help liking him; at the same time she wondered why he had not had the sense to choose some brilliant, beautiful girl, who would have returned his love, instead of herself. She could never care for him. She did not know that that very fact constituted her great charm in the eyes of the young man who was sought after by every manœuvring mother in London.

When the concert was over and Lady Lynne's carriage was announced, the marquis, by an adroit movement, was the first to rise and offer his escort to Agatha. She accepted it and Count Rinaldo followed with a lowering face. He fancied the young girl was cooler than usual to him. When they reached the house he was the first to descend and offer his arm to Miss Lynne. She refused with a graceful gesture, and passed before him, tripped lightly up the steps, yet he would not believe that She had purposely slighted him. When they reached the drawing-room Agatha took possession of a pretty lounging chair, her favorite seat. The count followered her, and, bending over her, began some slight remonstrance upon what he was pleased to call her cruelty. She made him some slight, laughing reply, and, rising immediately, crossed over to where Inez was talking to Lord Lynne and the marquis. Then the face of Count Rinaldo was not pleasant to see. He saw Lady Lynne intently watching him, and it struck him at once that she had perhaps been warning her sister against him. "She would not dare me so far," he said to himself. "She would never be so blind to her own interest, or so rash." But the conviction grew upon him. Agatha was neither uncivil nor pointedly cool to him; she did not attract attention either by her indifference or any exhibition of her real feelings; still, there was something, an indefinable something, in her manner, which clearly proved to the count that she was aware of his liking for her, and wished to show him quietly that it was all in vain. Once Lady Lynne caught his eyes fixed upon her with a glance that, brave and fearless as she was, seemed to freeze the blood in Lady Lynne's veins. As he was leaving, Count Rinaldo drew near her.

"You must see me to-morrow alone," he said.

"It will be impossible," she said, drawing back, proudly.

"If you are wise, Lady Lynne," said the count, "you will not trifle with a desperate man. Unless I see you to-morrow alone, I shall seek an interview with your husband. Be at home at three,—I will not be later."

She looked at him, and in that moment Lady Lynne would have given the whole world to dare and defy him. He read it in her haughty glance, and smiled contemptuously upon her.

It was an easy matter to secure a *tete-a-tete*, but Inez revolted against the necessity. Lord Lynne was from home and would not return until dinner time; Agatha only too pleased to enjoy a few hours' quiet, had gone to the library with one of her favorite books.

This time Lady Lynne made no preparation for her interview with the man she detested. Punctually at the time appointed he was shown into the drawing-room, where she received him with the dignity of a queen.

"Let there be no waste of words between us," he said; "I am here to warn you. I love your sister; her fortune is just what I require, and I intend to marry her. I can see plainly that you have tried to prejudice her against me. Now, beware in time; you must use your influence for me and in my favor."

She made no reply, and he continued:

"If you thwart me in this, you know the consequences; Agatha loves you, she is young, easily influenced, gentle and yielding,—if you add your entreaties to mine, your influence to mine I know she will consent and be my wife. Then all will be well; if you refuse to help me, you lose all that you value most."

"Rinaldo," she said, gently, "have you no mercy for me?"

"I have learnt to act and care for myself," he replied, wondering at the new and strange softness in her manner.

"Have you no regret, no pity for the blight and ruin you brought upon my life?" she said. "I was a child when you lured me on to love and marry you; have you no pity for the sorrow you brought upon me, the fever of grief you made me suffer, and still more for the bitter shame and agony I passed through when I read your letter and found that I was but the foolish dupe of a clever, wily man? Have you no regret or remorse for the youth, the trust and faith you blighted and slew when you killed my love?"

A strange, wistful light came into her dark eyes.

"It seems to me," she continued, mournfully, "that my fate, my story, would move the heart of a stone. What have I done that I am so hardly tried? Rinaldo, be just, be merciful, and leave me in peace. You have wrought me evil enough."

She might have pleaded to a rock with as much success as to a man whose heart had for years been hardened and corrupted by selfishness and worldliness. He listened to her in gloomy silence.

"It is too late for this sort of thing, my lady," he replied, moodily. "I must have your sister's fortune, and as she goes with it, I must have her."

"But," said Lady Lynne, "she does not love you, Count Rinaldo. Believe me, if you knelt to her to-day, and prayed to her to become your wife, she would refuse. I know her so well; she is gentle, but she is firm,—she does not care for you."

"That is what I fear," he replied, "and why I ask your help. You have more influence over her than any one, and you must persuade her. In three weeks from this day I shall ask her to be my wife; if she refuses, you know the consequences. Do your best for me; and remember, I never fail in keeping my promise."

He did not wait to say more, but left her with those last words ringing in her ears.

When Lord Lynne returned he hastened first to his lady's boudoir; she was not there. He rang the bell, and asked her maid where her mistress was.

"My lady was in the drawing-room an hour or two ago," replied the girl. "I have not seen her since."

"Inez," cried Lord Lynne, as he opened the drawing room door, "are you here?"

There was no reply; but, looking into the apartment, on a couch at the far end there lay my lady, with a pale, still face and rigid lips. She had lain there senseless for hours.

"My darling!" cried the bewildered husband, "what is it?"

His passionate caresses and loving words brought back some color to the pale face. A startled, frightened expression was in her eyes as she opened them.

"Oh Philip!" she cried, "is it you, dear? I have had such a frightful dream; it was so dreadful that I fainted in my sleep."

All that evening he sat by her, every proof of his love and devotion stabbing her to the heart.

Agatha was seriously alarmed at what she considered a return of her sister's illness. Many were the dismayed looks exchanged between the husband and sister as they bent over the pale, stricken girl, so unlike the radiant and beautiful Lady Lynne.

Late in the evening, when Inez was alone with her husband, she threw her arms around him and drew his face near her own.

"Philip," she said, "my husband, I have loved you very much, and I have never asked one favor from you. Will you grant me one now, at any risk, at any trouble, at any sacrifice?"

He looked with wonder at the wild agitation shown in her face.

"I will do anything and everything you ask me, my dear wife," he said. "I am wretched about you."

"Take me abroad, Philip," she whispered. "I am ill and unnerved. All this excitement has been too much for me. I am craving for rest. Take me away where no one knows us. I shall die if I remain here."

"You shall go, my darling," he said. "I should have been more careful of you. You were used to such a quiet life. I blame myself bitterly; but I will do all I can to atone for it. You shall go as soon as you like."

"Let us start to-morrow," she cried, eagerly.

He smiled as one humoring the caprices of a sick child.

"That would be too soon," he said. "You would not have time to prepare. If you like, we will go alone as far as Paris on Thursday, and the servants can follow us with the luggage."

"That will do," she replied. "And, Philip, promise me you will not tell one single creature where we are going, or that we are going, or anything about it—will you?"

"Not against your wish, certainly," he said; "but tell me why."

"If you talk about it," she said, "people will try to persuade you not to go, and you will give in to them. Promise me, Philip, that you will not tell a single creature; it is just the end of the season, and every one is going somewhere."

To please and console his wife, Lord Lynne gave the promise.

"What about Agatha and Hortington?" he said. "Our going will interfere with that arrangement."

"There is nothing in it," replied his wife, wearily. "Agatha does not care for him; and, oh Philip," she continued, earnestly, "mind, Agatha must go with us. I would not stir without her."

Owing to Lord Lynne's good management, all preparations for the journey were soon made. His going abroad caused no surprise; the season was drawing to a close, and people were all leaving town. No one—not even his wife's confidential maid, nor Agatha herself—knew their destination.

As though one could fly from trouble, or from the consequences of wrong doing! We may cross seas and rivers, pass mountains and hills, but travel as we may, conscience and memory go with us.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The new liquor law in Massachusetts compels bar room keepers to get the written consent of their landlords, and that provision is causing dealers a great deal of trouble—property owners generally disliking to put themselves in a dangerous position with reference to the Civil Damage act.

THE LOST SMILE.

A smile was love born on a maiden's face,
And romped or hid within her deep blue eyes;
Whence peeping out—as meteors glance the skies—
Lit with a nameless light its dwelling place,
While giving trust for days blest with the grace
Of full fruition. But dark sorrows rise
From Truth betrayed, and all too soon it dies
Mid hopeless passion's sad and gloomy race.
Buried 'neath silence, and a voiceless woe
Its ch'efest mourner, life so patient passed
And duty done, before the throne at last—
When all Earth's works in long procession go—
God gives the smile again that early died,
But dying brought Faith nearer to His side.

—P. HENRY DOYLE.

The Lady of Kynost.

BY SYLVIA A. MOSS.

NOT far from the chain of mighty mountains that separates Silesia from Bohemia is the bath of Warmbrun, where people bathe according to their rank, and the master of ceremonies is not supposed to allow a burgher a ticket that will admit him into the bath of a knight.

In the immediate vicinity of the bath of Warmbrun is the Castle of Kynost, or rather all that remains of it, for it was a ruin long before the ambitious Frenchman taught the intellectual German that England was a little foggy island upon which the sun had never yet shone.

Kynost was built by a brave Roman knight named Balco; here it is to be presumed he lived in safety, as the Castle even in later times, was deemed impregnable, defying alike the cunning of a few individuals and the force of whole armies.

It is situated upon the summit of a huge rock, and is inaccessable except by a drawbridge.

Upon one side is a lofty mountain, and a chasm of frightful depth is upon the other. In the distance is the fair vale of Hirschberg.

Probably nowhere in this fair German land of song and story was there ever built a grander, more inaccessable castle than Kynost, nor one whose watch-tower overlooked more miles of wildly beautiful scenery.

In the days of long ago the broad domains that belonged to this castle were rich and beautiful, and for many generations they descended to the son and to the son's son in an unbroken line; but there came a time when to the brave owner of the castle no son was given and the broad lands and the Castle of Kynost and the proud name of its owner all were left to the cruel and beautiful Lady Kunigunde.

Soon the fame of her beauty and vast wealth was the talk of the whole country, and many a noble suitor came to sue for her hand; but she disdained to bestow her hand upon a coward, and he alone might hope to win her love who could conquer her in battle.

She went forth to fight in the wars of her country, and many a brave knight who would gladly have conquered her and made her his bride, was slain by an arrow from her bow.

Around the Castle of Kynost ran a narrow outer wall, upon which one could hardly walk in safety, even when using the utmost caution. On every side were frightful precipices, one of which was properly named after the bottomless pit. A single misstep could bring about but one result—the person making it would surely be precipitated on the rocks below and dashed in pieces.

But the beautiful Kunigunde at length caused it to be proclaimed that she had made a solemn vow to bestow her hand upon no man except he should first ride, mounted upon a fleet horse, around the outer wall of her castle.

At this her lovers became fewer, but such is the power of beauty and wealth that some were found who risked their lives in the vain attempt to please the proud lady of Castle Kynost; but one and all shared the same fate—they were dashed to pieces on the rocks below, and Kunigunde ruled in her castle alone.

At length one day when the skies were the fairest and all nature was smiling, and the lady of Castle Kynost sat at a window in her watch tower gazing with proud eyes abroad upon her fair domains, she saw, approaching in the distance, a young and handsome knight mounted upon a gallant steed.

He neared the draw-bridge and demanded an interview with the Lady Kunigunde.

Never had she met upon the field so fair a knight, never before had one so beautiful and brave and true entered the proud halls of Castle Kynost, and the Lady Kunigunde gave him her heart, all unasked, the moment her eyes rested upon his face.

After courteously greeting the fair lady, the knight said:

"I have heard of the fame of your beauty, I have listened while men have repeated the words of your vow, and I am here to prove to you that there yet lives a knight who scorns to believe that the days are ended when men dared to do and to die, and that the present race are but cravens. Soon will my noble steed bear me in safety around the outer wall of your mighty castle, or together we will perish and our bones will moulder before your proud eyes, where the foot of man dare not tread and where birds of prey alone shall visit our resting place."

The Lady Kunigunde would have wept when she thought of her rash vow, but the proud blood in her veins forbade her to betray too deep an emotion before the stranger knight. She however, at his request, knelt in the presence of her confessor, and solemnly vowed to become the bride of the handsome knight should he be successful in his rash undertaking.

She did not arise when the knight left the room, but continued kneeling, praying and imploring the saints to protect him who had dared to risk his life for her.

Meanwhile a great multitude had assembled in the courtyard and on the mountains opposite, and there they awaited in silence the forthcoming of the stranger knight.

Not a word was spoken as he started on the fatal circuit, for one and all expected to see him dashed down the frightful precipice below.

But whether it was owing to his own steady hand and head, or the sure-footed courser he rode, or whether it was the prayers of the Lady Kunigunde influenced the saints to grant him a safe arrival, no one even to this day knows; but suddenly a great cry went up from the multitude, shouts and acclamations rent the air; the fatal circuit had been performed, and the stranger knight was saved.

Tears were on the lashes of the fair Lady Kunigunde as she rose from her knees to welcome the stranger knight, and would have thrown herself into his arms, but he stood aloof and returned her glance of admiration and love with one of haughty scorn, while he said:

"No, proud lady! Never could I take to my heart a woman who has blood upon her hands! I have won the right to call you mine. I have risked my life, but not to gain your hand. It was my desire to repay your cruelty with scorn, and to humble your pride. I am already wedded to a lady who is not only your superior in beauty, but to whom nature did not forget to give a noble, generous heart. Know, now, that I am Albert, Landgrave of Thuringia!"

The knight, as he finished speaking, sprang into his saddle and galloped away; but from that hour the unhappy Lady Kunigunde became a maniac, and after many months she died, but her spirit could not rest, and she may still be seen hunting with her bow and arrows in the adjacent forests. Sometimes she gazes with mournful eyes upon the ruins of her once proud castle, and when not one stone of Kynost remains upon another she will cease to haunt the forest; but that will not be until the prophecy of the famous witch of Rugen is fulfilled, and travellers can pass on dry land from Germany to Sweden and Denmark.

FRENCH POLITENESS.—The most elaborate and complicated system of court etiquette ever devised was that in vogue during the reign of Louis XIV. of France. Louis, strolling one day in the park on the arm of Mme. de Maintenon, and followed by his court of about 500 persons, came unexpectedly upon a servant girl armed with broom, pail and duster, who had been scrubbing in one of the pavilions. She ought by rights to have made her way back to the offices of the palace by a roundabout road, but being late she had taken a short cut, and this brought her in view of the king. His majesty removed his feathered hat and made her a low bow, and as etiquette required that a person saluted by the king should be bowed to by the whole court, the poor servant, as she stood trembling and ashamed, received enough homage to make her well nigh mad. First, the princes and princesses, then the secretaries of state, the dukes and peers, the knights of his majesty's orders, the bishops and chaplains, the lesser nobility, all had to make profound obeisance, while the ladies stopped and curtseyed to the earth; finally the king's guards had to carry arms, and a whole tribe of lacqueys bearing lap dogs, cloaks, fans and smelling bottles had to do their duty in the same humble fashion to their colleague—this blushing girl with the broom and pail.

A hardy sailor, Valentine Roper, is the only survivor of the crew of the schooner Golden Gate, which sailed from San Francisco northward three weeks ago. The craft was waterlogged in a gale, and six sailors were immediately drowned, while seven lashed themselves to the rigging. The former were luckiest, for the others died of starvation, one by one, except Roper. They had nothing to eat save a few raw potatoes that floated up from the vessel's stores, and several fish caught by hand. A cabin boy held out longest of those who died. Roper was eleven days without food, and, when picked up, was a raving maniac.

Madame Catacazy, the wife of the Russian minister at Washington, who had a good deal of trouble at Washington during President Grant's administration, is dead.

The Unfinished Will.

BY E. R.

I was sitting in my bachelor apartment, when the letter came that showed me what sudden whirls Fortune's charmed wheel can take. It was from a lawyer in Scotland, and it informed me, Carl Egerton, draughtsman on wood, that I was heir to ten thousand pounds. I gasped a little, looked about me to be sure I was not dreaming, read the letter over again, and gradually absorbed the delightful fact.

"Your grandmother having died without a will," the lawyer wrote, "you are sole heir to the estate."

My grandmother! Far away in the recesses of my memory I could see a picture of my father's death, his funeral, and his mother, who turned my mother and myself out of doors. She had never cordially forgiven his marriage with a girl who was earning her own bread as a milliner.

And now I was rich—independent!—could study art unhampered by money considerations, could follow my ideal fancies uncramped by newspaper requirements. Rich!

And through the grandmother who hated my mother, who had never given me a kind word or any caress, even when my father was alive! I am afraid there was a wicked zest added to my enjoyment of this good fortune, by the fact that I inherited in default of a will, which would, I felt sure, have deprived me of any such inheritance.

I packed my trunk, and commenced my journey. My lawyer sent a clerk to meet me, who accompanied me to my new home, informed me that Mrs. Hill, my grandmother's housekeeper, was a thoroughly trustworthy person, and left me.

The house was handsome in every particular, and I was delighted to find so many traces of feminine sway.

"Surely," I meditated "my grandmother was of very youthful feeling, for the whole house is fresh and attractive as a bridal home."

Mrs. Hill was a grim, unapproachable person, who served me delicious repast, kept the house in dainty order and never spoke unless to answer a question. She seemed to me to be nursing a grievance but I did not care to inquire into its proportions.

I enjoyed my first taste of ease and luxury immensely. My time had been given to mercenary pursuits ever since I was able to earn a shilling, and it was a most delightful novelty to spend without counting the self-denial formerly entailed by every indulgence.

One of my special delights was to visit Mrs. Crawford, a refined lady of advanced years, who had been one of my mother's friends; one of the many who visited her and loved her after my father had died. Widowed and childless, she was fond of young people, and sure to have pleasant society always in her rooms. I often dropped in uninvited and unannounced, and was always warmly welcomed. Therefore I was amazed one evening in February, when I had been six months in Scotland, to receive an embarrassed greeting from my old friend. I had passed the door, seen bright lights in the reception room, heard the sound of music, and entered. But as I stood near a window looking over the room, I heard Mrs. Crawford speak to a friend.

"Carl Egerton is here, and I invited Marian Hentz. She is in the music room."

"How very awkward! Do you suppose he will mind?"

"I never spoke about it to him."

Then they passed on, leaving me to wonder who Marian Hentz might be, and why it was awkward for me to meet her. I sauntered into the music room. At the piano, singing as I never heard an amateur sing before, was a girl of about nineteen, with the rarest, most perfectly brunette beauty, the combination of black hair and eyes, with a dazzling fair complexion.

Her rich, cultivated voice rang out in a ballad, the very simplicity of rendering being a triumph of art.

"Who is she?" I whispered to a pretty blonde beside me.

"A music teacher Mrs. Crawford is interested in," was the half contemptuous answer; and then a rush of crimson dyed the girl's face as she said, "Oh, I forgot Mr. Egerton! I—thought—I——" And she actually ran away from me.

Then I found Mrs. Crawford, and begged an introduction to the singer, and was answered, "It is Marian Hentz, Mr. Egerton. But, I suppose, you must meet her some time."

It was no place to seek an explanation, and I was presented to Miss Hentz, who was coldly, very coldly, civil to me.

For two weeks I met her constantly, and was baffled by her exceeding coldness, while learning to admire her as I never admired any woman before. My life had been too hard a struggle for necessities to indulge in love dreams, and when I gave my heart to Marian Hentz, I gave it true, loyal, and untried.

But I made no progress, though the spring days came and the summer bloomed, and I haunted her. We had all been invited to Mrs. Crawford's country seat, for a summer visit, when one evening just before she left the town I went to call upon my old friend.

She was in the library, and as I crossed a long room, heavily carpeted, to the door, I heard a voice, too dearly familiar, say, "I cannot go! Do you not understand how painful it is for me to meet Carl Egerton?"

"But, my dear child," my old friend said, "if he loves you, and I am sure he does——"

"Hush!" Marian answered, quickly. "It could never be!"

"Not if—I might be your grandmother, my child—not if you love him?"

A quick sob answered this, but in a moment she said hastily, "I do love him! There! you have forced it from me! But it can never be—never!"

I heard her leave the room by another door, and go up stairs, sobbing as she went. And I did not wait for ceremony, but went to Mrs. Crawford, asking abruptly, "Why can it never be?"

"Were you there, Carl?"

"Yes; coming to beg you to plead my cause with Marian Hentz. What is the mystery about her?"

"Is it possible you do not know?"

"I never heard of her until I met her here."

"Sit here beside me, Carl. I have blamed you, loving you, that you did not take any action in the matter. But if you are ignorant of her claim upon you——"

"Claim upon me?" I cried.

"Well, upon your property! What wide-open eyes! You are surely ignorant and innocent! Listen, then. Your grandmother and Marian's grandmother were first cousins, and warmly attached to each other. When you, as a boy, refused to be adopted by your grandmother, Marian's mother was dying. Her father had been some years dead, and the child was destitute. Mrs. Egerton took her. She brought her up as she would have done her own daughter, lavishing upon her all that wealth could command, both for education and for pleasure. She was never formally introduced to society, for Mrs. Egerton took her everywhere with her while she was but a mere child. It was the general impression, Carl, that your grandmother would leave her property to Marian, but she had the too common superstition that making a will shortened life. She put it off, year after year, till she was actually dying. Then she had a will drawn, leaving everything to Marian, and died while the lawyer was engaged upon the draft, leaving Marian penniless."

"Why was I never told this?" I cried. "What a brute I have been! Does she think I knew?"

"I cannot tell. It was a delicate subject, and, I presume, your friends were, like myself, naturally reluctant to speak of it. But now?"

"I shall, of course, settle upon her——"

"It is too late for that, Carl. You could not now confer fortune upon Marian—except in one way."

"But if she will not hear me?"

"Was I right in my conjecture, Carl? Do you love her?"

"With all my heart!"

"Wait here, then."

I waited long in an agony of suspense, and I was growing more than impatient when Mrs. Crawford returned, and said to me, "Marian is in the sitting-room. Will you go to her?"

Would I enter Paradise if the gates stood open? I kissed my old friend's hand, and hurried away.

I will not tell all that passed. My darling forgave my unconscious cruelty, and when the autumn leaves were falling there was a wedding at Mrs. Crawford's that settled finally the vexed question of who should rightfully have inherited my grandmother's money.

The rumor that a religious maniac would go over Niagara falls in a row boat, expecting to be miraculously saved from death, drew a multitude to Goat Island and the Canada shore. A boat was seen coming down stream, with a man sitting placidly in it. The sight caused intense excitement, and, as the craft neared the fall, several women fainted, but the voyager did not stir from his seat. Some of the spectators declared that they had heard him scream just before the dreadful plunge, but that could not have been true, for he was only a man of straw, set afloat by some wags.

Four thousand nine hundred and fifty-three persons were killed during the last year in the northwest provinces of India and in Oude by the wild beasts and snakes, and of these 3 871 owed their death to snake bites. No less than 10 513 head of cattle were also destroyed, mostly by leopards, in the vast grazing plains of the Terai. Rewards to the extent of 10 000 rupees were paid by the Government for the destruction of 3,910 wild animals.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

BY S. M. C.

Little by little the time goes by
Short if you sing through it, long if you sigh;
Little by little—an hour, a day—
Gone with the years that have vanished away;
Little by little the race is run—
Trouble and waiting and toil are done.

Little by little the skies grow clear;
Little by little the sun comes near;
Little by little the days smile out
Gladder and brighter on path and doubt;
Little by little the seed we sow
Into a beautiful yield will grow.

Little by little the world grows strong.
Fighting the battle of Right and Wrong;
Little by little the Wrong gives way;
Little by little the Right has sway;
Little by little all longing souls
Struggle up nearer the shining goals.

Little by little the good in men
Blossoms to beauty for human ken;
Little by little the angels see
Prophesies better of good to be;
Little by little the God of all
Lifts the world nearer the pleading call.

The Old, Old Story.

BY E. G. C.

"IT is nothing over and over again but the old, old story!" I exclaimed, as I threw down the periodical I had been reading, and turned with a contemptuous air to my friend, Laura Delworth. "Writers in general," I continued, "seem to consider a tale incomplete, unless somebody marries somebody else; and I am heartily tired of it. The idea that a woman's earthly happiness consists of her being linked by Hymeneal vows to a male specimen of the human race, is utterly nonsensical."

I must confess that I said this a little wickedly, for I was fully aware that Laura's entire hopes in life were very closely connected with the engagement ring on her left hand.

As I ceased speaking, the dear blue eyes were gazing at that little jeweled circlet, and there was a tremor in her gentle voice, as she said, softly:

"Nevertheless, Amy, the 'old, old story' is very sweet. You will say so yourself some time."

"Never!" I answered, energetically.

I had been an orphan from a mere child—brought up and cared for by a maiden aunt, in whose large, old fashioned sitting-room the above conversation occurred.

At this time I was one and twenty, and had been home from school two years. I cared nothing for society, my only friend being Laura Delworth, a school-mate. I loved her tenderly. Dear Laura! Such a contrast to my own decided, brusque nature.

I often wondered how she could love me, for everyone called me eccentric and cold. I suppose that I did appear so, for I have never been surrounded by those sweet home influences that tend to bring forth all that is lovable in a girl's heart.

However, my woman's nature would assert itself in a passion for dumb pets, which had never been gratified in the slightest degree. Many a little homeless dog and kitten had I brought in from the street, only to see Aunt Roxana's eyes glare through her spectacles, and to hear her exclaim:

"Good gracious, child! take that dirty creature back to where you found it. Ugh!"

This last said with a shrug that is indescribable.

So, with tears, I would surrender the poor thing to its vagabond existence.

While away at school, pets of any kind were out of the question, but my love for them grew stronger every year of denial. On returning home I found Aunt Roxana more nervous and irritable than ever; and felt that gratitude—if nothing else—bound me to respect her every wish.

So my time had been occupied by an extensive course of reading, music, and drawing, and waiting on Aunt Roxana. My solitary life has made me rather scornful of the outside life surrounding me; and I felt that I had become very distant and reserved to all, save darling Laura. She was now making me a visit, and it was on a rainy afternoon, while auntie was taking her daily nap, that I almost startled her by that "Never!"

"But, Amy dear," she replied, "I know how all your life you have longed for something to love. Would not a noble husband supply that place in your heart?"

"Laura, what I mean is simply this; I insist that a woman's life can be perfectly happy without marriage, and I mean to prove it."

"I don't think so, Amy. I know you very well, and I am sure that there is a large place in your heart that will be lonely and aching sometimes, and need the 'old, old story' that you are so tired of reading about. Amy, have you forgotten all about Harry?"

There was a spice of mischief in the question, but somewhere in that queer heart of mine, a fine string vibrated just enough to send a flush to my cheeks, as I thought of the picture and faded flower in the tiny box upstairs. But I answered, laughingly:

"Nonsense! That was only a silly affair of three years ago. Then he went to Germany to study, the family taking up their abode in Paris. We had a slight disagreement the week before he sailed, and I would not say good-bye. He wrote once, but I did not reply. He is nothing to me," I declared, bravely.

"We will wait," answered Laura.

* * * * *

It is two years later. I am sitting alone in the old reception-room. All alone in the house with the exception of the waiting woman. I hear the slow steps in the kitchen. Aunt Roxana is dead. Only yesterday we followed her remains to the family vault. I am Amy Aylmer; proud, self reliant as ever, bold to all but Laura, who still gives me a corner of her heart. Still do I build my air castle that ere many months will be fulfilled.

Still a month later, and I have dropped a letter in the office to Laura, among whose closely written pages are these lines:

"I am about to sell this place, and buy the old Granville property. Such a magnificent stretch of land, with its giant trees. It has been for sale for a great while, and the old house itself is fast yielding to time's decaying influences. I shall have it torn down, and my ideal home erected. Ere long, you will be called upon to observe the practical verification of my pet theory."

A year rolls around, and finds me sitting in my phaeton at the village railway station, waiting for the train which will bring me, Laura, and her baby. Womanly Laura! wife and mother. Will she envy me my happiness?"

The train has arrived and gone, and I drive away from the confusion of the station, with Laura and Laura's baby at my side.

"Aren't they beautiful?" I said, after a while glancing at my pony and the two frisking dogs.

Laura's great, blue eyes looked into mine, and she said:

"Oh, Amy! If these things satisfy, and make you happy, I pity you. I would not give my baby for all the dogs and ponies in the world."

And the mother's eyes gazed at the small, precious bundle in her lap.

There was a brief pause between us, and then we turned into the grounds about my home. While Laura was lost in admiration we arrived at the house, which was an odd arrangement of verandas, bay-windows, balconies, and vine covered porticos. We alighted on the terrace, and as the man led away the pony, we entered my abode.

"Welcome, darling," I said, "to the home of my choice."

Laura was delighted, but her life devotion shone calmly and undisturbed in her eyes. But I will not dwell on all the incidents of that visit. The days passed swiftly, and Laura's husband came to take her home. He could not spare her longer. I said, "good bye," and tried to smile triumphantly, while I whispered in her ear:

"You see my theory is a success."

My attempt was an utter failure, for Laura said:

"Amy, you are not happy. Your eyes betray you. Everything is beautiful and pleasant, but, darling, you need the 'old, old, story.'"

My pride would not let me assent to those friendly words, so I straightened myself up, and exclaimed, as three years before, "Never!"

But then I broke down completely, and Laura put her dear arms around my neck and kissed me, and I—Amy Aylmer—cried like a little child, and Laura cried too. Then a few parting words, and I was alone again. Alone! It was only the middle of the morning, and I went about tending to my pets, and household duties. After lunch I took Bruno and went up to my room. The sky had been cloudy all day, and now the rain had began to fall. It grew very dark, and the wind blew fiercely, and slammed the shutters against the house. I paced to and fro, followed by patient, faithful Bruno. I heard the little waiting maid down stairs singing over her dishes. I went to the mirror and surveyed my pale face and dark, mournful eyes. Then I took a small key from my watch chain and unlocked the tiny box that lay in the drawer of my secretaire. I could not open it. The key clicked in the lock. I closed the drawer. The rain beat piteously on the window-pane. I sat down in a low chair, and Bruno came and put his head in my lap. I laid my face on his head, and sobbed from the depths of my loneliness. Ah! was this my boasted happiness? The honest bright eyes looked up with their intelligent, almost human, sympathy, but still I wept. There was a ringing at the bell. I wondered who could have come in the storm. I heard the little maid usher some one into the drawing room. Then she tripped upstairs to my door, and informed me that a strange gentleman was downstairs, but had sent up no card. Sending word that I would come presently, I dashed cool water on my burning face, and smoothed my hair. Then I descended the stairs, but paused at the open drawing room door. Could I mistake after six years absence the one whose face the tiny box has held so long?

Again I heard the old familiar voice, though all it uttered was "Amy!"

"I went right to him; I cried:

"Oh, Harry! I treated you shamefully. Will you, can you, forgive me?"

He took me in his arms, and said:

"That is a thing of the past. I have hoped on in silence, working and waiting for the time when I could come and find you, praying that you might be kept for me. I am now well started in life's struggles, and ask you, Amy, may I claim you?—will you be mine?"

And what do you suppose I said to that noble man? Cold, disdainful Amy Aylmer, that I always had been, what did I reply?

"Yours, Harry, now and for ever."

English Fashions at the Picture Exhibition.

THERE are several landmarks by which one may note the progress of the London season as surely as one may calculate the time of the year from the calendar. Epsom, Ascot, and Goodwood are all epochs showing how far the season has advanced, and among the events which announce it to have commenced in earnest is the opening of the Royal Academy.

When the wide steps of Burlington House are bright with scarlet cloth in honor of the guests invited to the private view of the year's exhibition, and carriages once more crowd the spacious courtyard, we know that May has really come again, even though our private experiences of north-east winds, dull skies, and a keen appreciation of fires, would have made us believe the contrary. But neither east winds nor cloudy weather prevented the visitors to the private view of the Academy donning brave array on the occasion. There was evidence in many of the costumes worn that their wearers remembered they would not only be "the cynosure of neighboring eyes," but of the more exacting gaze of the chief members of the artistic profession in England, and that it was therefore desirable that dresses should be graceful, as well as rich and becoming, before being gorgeous. One hopeful sign in the dress of the present day is its growing individuality; women are less inclined to play the game of "follow my leader" in this matter than there used to be, and so costume is slowly beginning to be part of the wearer's self.

Steele's remark, that however pretty a dress was it lost its charm in his eyes if he discovered that its fair owner had borrowed its pattern from that of a friend, has lost a little of its force of late. This fact was specially to be observed at Burlington House on May 2. Among the more noticeable dresses—and there were many that deserved notice—there were hardly two that suggested the same idea.

A very graceful dress, which was likewise original, was a Princesse robe, with a cape in a peculiar shade of brownish fawn plush; with it was worn a large soft hat of the same material, and an antique gold necklace, forming a "harmony in brown and gold" that might have delighted the soul of Mr. Whistler, as also might have a dress, worn by a tall fair girl, of a bright peacock tint, between blue and green, and with no ornament but beads of the same color. Two sisters wore dresses of an unusual combination of colors—a mauvish lilac, trimmed and slashed with old-gold, and with capote hats of the latter hue. A decided reaction from the fade tints, so long worn, was visible; many ladies were arrayed in "splendid dyes" as radiant "as are the tiger moth's deep damasked wings. A blood-red dress of a most vivid shade threw out an equally brilliant costume of sea-green, which latter was beautified by a wonderful girdle of antique silver.

Black cashmeres and silks with wide gold braid, seemed to keep their hold on public favor, and black and red of the new Princess of Wales shade was much worn. There were signs of the old light or dark blue—the pure sky tint without a hint of green—returning into fashion; and it is evident that before long Indian shawls will have resumed their sway, for which their fortunate possessors, and not they alone, but all lovers of graceful drapery, and rich harmonious color in dress, have reason to be grateful.

Among other dresses worthy of remark was a brocaded silk of sage and olive green, made Princesse fashion, and entirely devoid of ornament, except for the slashings of olive satin in the puffed sleeves. This was one of the most beautiful dresses worn; but it was equalled by a redingote dress of plum colored velvet, raised in a small close pattern on a light-blue ground, and made with sleeves, revers, and front of plum colored silk.

Recently the Rev. Mr. Gober, Methodist, of Grass Valley, Cal., was informed by the officers of the church that unless he would send away his Chinese servant, his salary would be withheld from him. Mr. Gober told the congregation from the pulpit that he should not discharge his domestic, who had proved faithful and efficient, and that he should continue to preach until the end of the conference year, salary or no salary. This announcement was received with applause.

Scientific and Useful.

IMITATION MAHOGANY.—Brush over the wood with common ink; when that is dry brush it over with dragon's blood mixed with metaylated spirit in the proportion of one ounce of dragon's blood to one-half pint of the methylated spirit. When that is dry, varnish with spirit varnish.

PRESERVATION OF ARTICLES OF DRESS.—Ribbons and silks should be put away for preservation in brown paper; the chloride of lime used in manufacturing white paper frequently produces discoloration. A white satin dress should be pinned in blue paper with brown paper outside, sewn together at the edges.

FIRE DAMP.—For the purpose of ascertaining the presence of fire damp in mines, some French scientists use a lit jet of hydrogen, which gives a larger and more distinct blue aureola than the flame of the common safety-lamp when the quantity of the dangerous gas is even very small. The flame, which is inclosed in a copper tube, is viewed through a lens in the side of the tube.

TO PROTECT CARPETS, ETC.—One pound of quassia chips, one quarter of a pound of cayenne pepper steeped in two gallons of water, and strained. This preparation, although irritating to the human skin, especially on cut surfaces, has the advantage of not being poisonous. From one quarter to one-half more boiling water may be added at the time of first using, if greater depth of the liquid in the vessel be required. When it is desirable to treat carpets that are not to be taken up, the preparation may be applied by means of any of the common atomizers to every seam and margin with good results, although a second, and even third, application may be needed.

GAS CLOTH.—The name of "gas cloth" is given to the new textile fabric invented a short time since by a Leipsic chemist, and which is claimed to be both a gas and water tight stuff. It is produced by placing a large, smooth piece of what is called gutta percha paper between two pieces of some material that is not too coarse and dense, as for example undressed shirting, and then passing the arrangement between heated rollers. The outer pieces of shirting combine in the most intimate way with the enclosed gutta-percha to form a material possessing the character above mentioned, namely, impenetrable by gas and water, and it may be rendered still denser as well as more resistant by being coated on both sides with copal lac. This substance, which is flexible, and remains proof against the variable influences of weather and external temperature, can be applied to all the ordinary uses of waterproof material.

Farm and Garden.

TO KILL INSECTS.—To kill insects use one teaspoonful of kerosene to a gallon of water and sprinkle it on the plants with a hand broom. It destroys green flies, currant worms and other pests, and was used without injury on fuchsias, geraniums, callas and other plants.

THE USE OF SALT.—The use of salt in the care of farm animals seems to aid an economical digestion. In England the average daily allowance of salt for calves is four ounces per day, year old animals three ounces, fattening oxen six ounces, and milch cows four ounces. Sheep, it is said, will never stray from enclosures where salt is kept for their constant use, provided, of course, running water is also found in the pasture.

PACKING EGGS.—Take the eggs from the nests when they are warm; wash off in tepid water; then rub over in a flannel cloth soaked in perfectly fresh butter; stand the eggs on the large end for a few hours, then change to stand on the narrow end. Deliver to customers within twenty-four hours or at the farthest thirty-six hours from the time laid. Feed the hens on warm food and raw meat. Never give Indian corn in any shape. Offer for sale only the large sized eggs.

NESTS FOR SITTING HENS.—Meadow or salt hay or well broken straw is the best material for nests. Break the straw well between the hands and use nest boxes moderately deep say from eight to ten inches, and make the boxes nearly full of the straw. If made too full the eggs are apt to be rolled out on the floor of the house, and perhaps thus broken when the hen is leaving the nest. It may be taken as a rule that any material which packs down solidly, makes a poor nesting article, sawdust, tan, etc., being especially objectionable and more so if they are damp when they are put in the boxes.

PLANTING TREES.—First dig the holes full large enough to receive the roots nicely spread out, from twelve to fourteen inches deep. Throw the top soil and subsoil in different piles. Then fill in enough of the top soil to receive the tree, about the same depth it stood in the nursery, but no deeper. Be careful to cut all the bruised roots back to sound wood, and by all means cut the tops back, as the sap is all in the tree to make it grow, and by leaving all on the sap will soon be exhausted and a large per cent. will die. Put the tree in and fill the balance of topsoil in around the roots; then fill in the sub-soil and give them a good mulch of barn-yard manure before dry weather comes.

THE SHAPE OF A BARN.—The octagon, or eight-sided form, is esteemed by many as best suited for a barn. An 80 foot octagon barn has an outside wall of 2624 cubic feet, while each side is but 37 feet 3¼ inches long. An oblong barn having the same capacity would need to 40 feet by 180 feet, with the same heights of posts, and having the same capacity for stabling and storage for crops. This barn would have a circumference of 440 feet, or an outside wall 144 feet longer than the barn of octagon form—requiring 2 550 square feet of siding above the basement, and about 1 300 cubic feet of basement wall more than the octagon.

SADDLE GALLS.—To prevent saddle galls the saddle should be lined with some smooth, hard substance. Flannel or woolen cloth is bad. A hard-finished, smooth rawhide lining, similar to those of the military saddles, is preferable. Then, if the saddle is properly fitted to the horse's back, there will be no galls unless the horse is very hardly used. Galls should be washed with soap and water, and then with a solution of three grains of copperas or blue vitriol to one table spoonful of water, which will harden the surface and help to restore the growth of the skin. White hairs growing upon galled spots cannot be prevented.

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SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 31, 1879.

THE GREAT LESSON.

THE first lesson that a young man should learn is, that he knows nothing. The earlier and the more thoroughly learned this is, the better. A home bred youth growing up in the light of parental admiration, with everything to foster his vanity and self-esteem, is surprised to find, and often unwilling to acknowledge, the superiority of people. But in the world he learns his own insignificance; his airs are ridiculed, his blunders are exposed, his wishes are disregarded, and he is made to cut a sorry figure, until his self-conceit is abashed, and he keenly feels that he knows nothing. When a young man has thoroughly comprehended the fact that he knows nothing, and that intrinsically he is of but little value, the next lesson is that the world cares nothing about him. He is the subject of no man's overwhelming admiration; neither petted by the one sex, nor envied by the other, he has to take care of himself. He will not be noticed until he becomes noticeable, until he does something to prove that he is of some use to society. No recommendation or introduction will give him this, or ought to give him this; he must do something to be recognized as somebody. The next lesson is that of patience. A man must learn to wait as well as to work, and to be content with those means of advancement in life which he may use with integrity and honor. Patience is one of the most difficult lessons to learn. It is natural for the mind to look for immediate results. Let this, then, be understood at starting—that the patient conquest of difficulties which rise in the regular and legitimate channels of business and enterprise, is not only essential in securing the success which a young man seeks in life, but essential also to that preparation of the mind requisite for the enjoyment of success, and for retaining it when gained. It is the general rule in all the world, and in all time, that unearned success is a curse.

HAPPINESS is composed of small joys. Trample not underfoot, then, the little pleasures which are scattered in the daily path, and which, in eager search after some great joy, we are apt to overlook. Why should we always keep our eyes fixed on the bright distant horizon while there are so many lovely roses in the garden in which we are permitted to walk? The very ardor of our chase after happiness may be the reason that she so often eludes our grasp. We pantingly strain after her when she has been graciously brought nigh unto us.

How calm the mind, how composed the affections, how serene the countenance, how melodious the voice, how sweet the sleep, how contentful the whole life is of him that neither deviseth mischief against others, nor suspects any to be contrived against himself; and, contrariwise, how ungrateful and loathsome a thing it is to abide in a state of enmity, wrath, dissension, having the thoughts distracted with solicitous care, anxious suspicion, and envious regret

SOME happy talent and some fortunate opportunity may form the two sides of the ladder on which some men mount, but the rounds of that ladder must be made of stuff to stand wear and tear; and there is no substitute for thorough going, ardent, and sincere earnestness. Never put one hand to anything on which you can throw your whole self, never affect depreciation of your work, whatever it is.

SANCTUM CHAT.

HENRY CARR, of London, has called our attention to the danger of arsenical poisoning by the use of green wall papers; both the bright and pale green are equally dangerous. From some, where the arsenic will not brush off as a powder, arseniuretted gas will be evolved. The subject is one that might profitably meet with legislative action.

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DR. PALLI, a distinguished Italian savant, advances the theory that the human organism undergoes in the course of its existence a slow oxidation, on the completion of which death ensues. This operation should require (accidents accepted) about one hundred years. To counteract the devitalizing action, he recommends that a few grammes of sulphate be taken every morning, as furnishing a check upon oxidation.

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THE ebb and flow of opinion is curiously exhibiting itself in England now, in a reaction against examinations. Complaints are made that real education is swamped by preparation for examinations. And it is intended that the be-all and end all of school and university careers is, nowadays, not the acquisition of learning, but perpetual examination, which is injurious to real thought and study, and learning for its own sake.

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IN the best Parisian society of late the power to read with grace, meaning, and intelligence, has been much studied. Many capable professional readers are employed in families. Indeed, reading threatens to replace the classic piano in the programme of the feminine education of the future. Paris has, too, a Reading Society, composed of storekeepers and clerks, who every year have a grand public meeting for the interpretation of literary masterpieces.

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SOME of the country doctors in England are employing bicycles or tricyles instead of horses, as a means of locomotion. The bicycles used by them are of iron, the rim of the wheel is covered with rubber, and they can move over tolerably rough roads and up quite steep grades, making from eight to ten miles, or more, in an hour. Such an economical mode of travel as this should find considerable patronage in many country districts where physicians are richer in medical knowledge than pocket.

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NIHILISM, says a foreign writer, is not a name which represents a wild craze of a few, but a term which signifies the discontent of the many. The millions of Russian malcontents are not all Nihilists in the sense of working to overthrow religion and society as we understand these things, but they are so in their desire to improve away the whole Russian social system, with its gross superstitions which do duty for religion, and its corrupt maladministration, cruelties, and military oppressiveness which stand in place of government.

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NOTWITHSTANDING the advantages offered by California to immigrants, foreign and domestic, she has not been settled half so rapidly as is desired or desirable. The fact is largely attributable, they say in San Francisco, to the monopoly of land by speculators. There are, it is asserted, 50,000 000 acres of land fit for cultivation, but not more than 5 000 000 are actually cultivated, and not over 8 000 000 are inclosed. Fully 20 000 000 are held by real estate rings or individual operators in tracts of 130 000 to 300,000 acres for speculative purposes.

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MR GRANT ALLEN thus sums up what he endeavors to set forth in detail in his work on The Color Sense: Its Origin and Development. Insects produce flowers. Flowers produce the color sense in insects. The taste for color produces butterflies and brilliant beetles. Birds and mammals produce fruits. Fruits produce a taste for color in birds and mammals. The taste for color produces the extra hues of humming birds, parrots and monkeys. Man's frugivorous ancestry produces in him a similar taste, and that taste produces the final result of human chromatic arts.

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IN the public schools of the United States, according to the last census, the female teachers outnumber the male teachers by nearly fifty per cent.; but when abstraction is made of the South, where in only four instances (Delaware, Maryland, Virginia and Louisiana) the male teachers are exceeded by the female, and generally exceed them from twenty five to three hundred per cent., the proportion is vastly more favorable to the latter. Thus in 1870 there were 2 000 female teachers in New Hampshire to 510 males, while in Massachusetts there were 5 987 female to 758 male.

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THE rumor that an Italian firm was negotiating in the United States for an immediate supply of 100 000 tons of coal, in place of obtaining it from England, as heretofore, has caused uneasiness in London. A cargo of American coal reached the Mediterranean sixteen months ago, and met with a ready sale, and more than twenty cargoes have been sent over since that time. The *Globe* apprehends that before long the industry of Great Britain will have to encounter determined rivalry on the part of the United States. American coal will not be landed in England, but will be shipped to ports on the Continent which are now dependent upon supplies from the coal fields of the United Kingdom.

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AN exaggerated case of nerves is that of Von Bulow, who nearly went into convulsions at Dresden at one of his Beethoven recitals, because a young lady at the back part of the hall beat syncopated time with her thumbs. He broke off in the middle of one of the most delicate passages, and trotted down to the front of the stage, where Otto Dresel was sitting, and requested him to go and stop that girl. Mr. Dresel objected. Von Bulow insisted, and finally went himself and spoke to the blushing criminal who had so aroused his ire. The audience was breathless with horror and sympathy, but before it could recover itself the doctor returned to the piano and went on with the sonata from the very note at which he had left off.

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BARON HUDDLESTON, an eminent English judge, recently took occasion to say from the bench that it was an undoubted fact that a woman told a lie very much better than did a man, and with very much better effect. It was a remarkable circumstance that when a woman was determined to say what was untrue, she said it in a much better way than a man. Whether this was due to a man feeling that his dignity was to a certain extent offended by recourse to untruth, he did not know; that was a metaphysical question into which he would not enter; that it was certain that a woman told a story much more logically, and, if it was untrue, held to it much more pertinaciously, and with much more the appearance of truth, than a man could.

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THE Paris *National* publishes the details of a wonderful gastronomical feat performed by two Hayti negroes, who, passing through that city, bet 1,000 francs that they would eat without stopping for six hours, and won easily, sitting down to the table at noon, and not rising till 6:30. In the long interval they succeeded in consuming eight soles *au gratin*, twelve lamb cutlets, a joint of roast veal weighing eight pounds, three bunches of asparagus, and an omelette of twelve eggs, besides a Dutch cheese, twelve pounds of bread, and fifteen bottles of wine. At the conclusion of the performance the two negroes left the house with a very satisfied expression of countenance, dividing between them the money which they had thus pleasurably earned.

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IT is asserted that houses that have been shut up for a time may become breeders of disease when they are re-occupied, and that such disorders of typhoid fever and diphtheria have occurred under these circumstances. The cause is considered to be in the disuse of cisterns, pipes and drains, the putrefaction that is engendered by the impure air in them, the unimpeded access of this foul air to the house, which is at all events not interfered with by the closing of doors and windows against the fresh air. There is, fortunately, a very simple remedy in such cases. On returning to town, paterfamilias should take care to see that the pipes and drains are in good order, that the cellars and closets are freed of rubbish, and that the whole house is thoroughly aired before the flat for re possession goes forth. Carbolic acid plentifully used in the cellar is both a cheap and valuable disinfectant. If these straightforward precautions are observed, no personal harm can result from the home coming of the pleasure seekers.

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ONE of the most venturesome gamblers at Monaco is a Mr. Watson, an American, who, at last accounts, was credited with a deficit, during the season, to the green cloth, of not less that 1 500 000 francs. A mysterious and singularly handsome woman, apparently about thirty five, who has been staying for two months at the Hotel de Paris, has been noted for heavy play. She is asserted to be from New York; but nobody knows, as she speaks English, French, German, and Italian with almost equal facility and purity. She seems to gamble for distraction; to be waiting for somebody; to be on the eve of some tragedy which has cast its shadow before. She has no association with anybody, but her person and manners are very distinguished, and she goes by the name of the Beautiful Unknown. She is a great lionne, from the mystery that surrounds her, and would furnish abundant material for the weaving of romance and story.

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GERMAN residents of the United States are in the habit of deploring the lawless acts of violence that occur in some of the States, and of asserting that in the Fatherland they have too vigilant a police to permit of such things. Their satisfaction on this score will be somewhat shaken by reports now published in the German papers of a criminal trial in the township of Linz, near the Bavarian border. It has now transpired that since 1875 over forty cases of highway robbery have occurred in a small district of Bavarian territory, twelve of which were accompanied by murder, and nine by great brutality. In every case the victim was a woman. She was seized by the throat, strangled into unconsciousness, and then robbed. It is thought that an American prisoner was the perpetrator of all these crimes. He served several terms in Bavarian prisons, his last sentence having been imposed in 1866, when he was convicted of strangling and robbing a woman in the same way as he is now accused of having done so often in years gone by; and yet it has taken the infallible German police all this time to bring him to bay.

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WHEN a woman loses a desire to please, says a woman's journal, she loses half her charms. Nothing is more conducive to beauty than cheerfulness and good humor; and no morose or unhappy woman can be good-tempered or cheerful. Then there are vast numbers of ugly women who are ill-tempered because they are ugly. They do not know what is the matter with themselves; neither do their friends know. But the incessant neglect and indifference with which they are treated finally does its work of embittering their feelings until the effect upon their moral character is most pernicious. Every woman ought to understand that nothing short of deformity can make a woman utterly unattractive, provided she will study her points; and points of attractiveness every woman has. A thoroughly refined, graceful manner can be acquired by any woman, and is a powerful charm. We once knew a very plain woman who dressed so tastefully that it was an absolute pleasure to look at her. If you have been moping until you are sick with the thought of your own hopeless ugliness, be up and doing. Forget your disappointments; forget the past and the sneers of your own family over the mistakes that you have made. Rouse yourself, and cast off the enervating distrust of self, and the moral cowardice which forbids you to assert yourself.

PARTING.

Weep not that we must part;
Partings are short, eternity is long.
Life is but one brief stage,
And they that say love ends with life are wrong.
List to thine own heart's cry—
Love cannot die.

What though so far away?
Thy thoughts are still with me, and with thee mine,
And absence has no power
To lessen what by nature is divine.
List to thine own heart's cry—
Love cannot die.

Then weep no more, my love;
Weeping but shows thy trust in me is small.
Faith is by calmness proved.
For know this truth: thou canst not love at all
Unless thine own heart cry—
Love cannot die.

The Black Ghost.

BY B. L. B.

PETER TOLMAN had died, not wholly in the odor of sanctity, and I was sent down to the quaint old town in which he had lived to be present at his funeral, read his will, and attend to some legal details concerning the settlement of his estate. It was only a chance which thrust this greatness upon me. I was recently admitted to a partnership in the legal firm of Wynne, Applegate, & Co., Joel Wynne, the head of the firm, being my uncle.

He had been Peter Tolman's attorney for half a century or thereabouts, for the old man was eighty when he died, and had been in business since he was twenty-five, and in law as constantly as in business, for he was a quarrelsome customer—one of those men made to be the natural food of lawyers.

But just at this opportune time—and Peter Tolman was that perverse that he was sure to die at an inopportune time—my uncle was laid up with the gout, and I was commissioned, as I have said,, to go down to Coningsby and attend his funeral.

"Now, Wallace," said my uncle, as I went to see him to get my latest instructions, "there is sure to be a quarrel over that will. Peter Tolman couldn't have died without leaving the seeds of a quarrel behind him. I'm tired of the old curmudgeon's affairs any way, and I mean to pass them over to you. So mind you ingratiate yourself with the widow, and get the case put into your hands. It will be a very pretty start in life for you. If the old man's heirs keep his reputation good, they will be worth five hundred a year to you."

"Thank you, uncle," I said; "but you speak of a widow. I did not know that Mr. Tolman was ever married."

"No more he was," growled my uncle, a twinge coming on him just then; "at least at the time of his death. But I suppose he must have had a wife at some time—though there's a mystery about that—since he has had a son and a daughter-in-law and a grandchild for these twenty years or so. And a pretty mess of hot water they've always been in. The son is dead now, but his widow and her daughter will claim to be the heirs, while this precious will which you are to carry down and read to them cuts them off with scarcely the traditionary shilling."

"What a shame!" I said. "And to whom does the money go?"

"Well, as near as I can find out, the woman named in the will is a far-away cousin of Peter Tolman, and was once at some early day, a flame of his. She is an old maid, at any rate, hard on to seventy, as deaf as a post, and with six thousand pounds to her fortune already."

"What on earth possessed the man to make such a will?" I exclaimed.

"The Evil One!" growled my uncle—"the same spirit that has possessed him ever since I knew him."

"And what will become of the daughter and her child?"

"Who knows; I don't. Only if they don't fight the will, they are fools. They have lived with Peter Tolman for ten years past, and have borne his whims like two angels. They will have possession of the house at his death, and I would fight that old maid until the last copper of the money was spent, if I were Mrs. Tolman. You may tell her that for me."

"Are there any grounds?"

"It's a lawyer's business to make grounds," said my uncle. "Take a week to study up the details, if you like. You'll be sure to find something to hang a case upon."

"Was the old man perfectly sound in his wits?"

"As sound one day of his life as another. Any man is crazy who goes to law as he did."

"Was the son legitimate?"

"It is my opinion that he was; but very likely Peter Tolman, with his usual perversity, may have destroyed the proofs."

"What would be the reason for his doing so?"

"Simply hatred of the widow and her child. She is a soft-hearted little thing, and gave into him altogether too much."

"It has the look of an ugly case," I said. "But if they want to fight it, I'll do my best."

I set out for Coningsby that evening, arriving there for breakfast next day. Peter Tolman, with all his faults, had always been hospitable to his friends, and my uncle had been in the habit of staying at his house with all the freedom which he would have felt at a hotel.

But I, being a stranger, felt a little diffidence about intruding upon a family already thrown somewhat into confusion by recent bereavement, at so early an hour. I therefore went at once to the hotel and breakfasted, and then strolled over at my leisure to the handsome place owned by the late Peter Tolman, and which was scarcely a quarter of a mile from the station.

It was a fine old place; a good lawn, a thrifty farm, a well built brick house with trees about it. There was no attempt at ornament; the grounds had even a slightly run down and ill kept look; but it was, after all, a handsome and substantial residence. It was a bright June morning, and as I walked up the broad straight avenue to the front entrance the birds were singing in the trees, and a few flowering shrubs were giving forth their sweetest perfume; and the dew, not yet dried on the soft green grass, sparkled and shone in the morning sun, as if there was no such thing in the universe as death.

As I stood upon the door-steps, however, I began to feel the hush which lay upon the house. A respectable serving-man opened the door, and quietly ushered me into a small parlor to the right of the hall.

"Mrs. Tolman and Miss Blanche are not yet down," he said. "Breakfast will be served in a quarter of an hour. Will you go to your room before the bell rings?"

"No," I replied. I have breakfasted at the hotel, and I will wait for the ladies here."

I had scarcely finished speaking, before a rustle on the stairs announced their approach. I looked up as they entered, and beheld two rather striking looking women. The elder, a slight, pale creature, in widow's weeds, deepened a little, in all probability, by the recent bereavement, with regular and even handsome features, and the manner of a lady. She announced herself at once as Mrs. Tolman, and presented me to her daughter.

Blanche Tolman was an utterly different creature from her mother. Not yet, I thought out of her teens, she was still two inches taller than her mother. She was rounder than her mother, also of a less elegant but more voluptuous build. For pallor there were roses; in place of dignity, blitheness and strength; instead of a delicate, womanly reserve of manner, a frankness that was not bold, energy and dash that yet were not unwomanly.

Two very interesting women, I said to myself, they were, and proceeded, accordingly, to study them.

"Thanks," I said; in reply to Mrs. Tolman's invitation to go with them to the breakfast room, "but I took breakfast at the hotel."

"I am sorry for that," said Mrs. Tolman. "You—or at least," she added, correcting herself, "the gentleman you represent, was expected here."

"And my uncle," I said, "would no doubt have run the risk of an intrusion, for the sake of the better accommodations which he was likely to find here. And, if you will allow me, I will take a cup of coffee with you, while I explain the reason of my being sent down in his place."

It was a substantially-furnished and neatly-kept room into which I was ushered. The breakfast table was charmingly spread, with a finer display of silver than, I fancy, was the usual custom of the house. Mrs. Tolman, sitting behind the steaming silver urn, presided with grace; and Miss Blanche in her simple black wrapper, and with her air of slightly-repressed enterprise, made a very pretty ornament to the table.

"Mr. Tolman has had a fortunate life," I said, after I had delivered the message from my uncle, and placed myself upon a secure footing with the ladies. "It must have been hard for him to die, and leave so pleasant a home as this behind him."

"It is always hard to die," said Mrs. Tolman, "but Mr. Tolman was quite resigned in his last hours."

"So resigned," said Blanche, a little abruptly, I thought, "that I fancy there is trouble brewing somewhere, and I fear it is for us. I never knew grandpa so quiet and comfortable as he was just before he died, unless he had a rod in pickle for somebody."

I smiled—it was impossible to help it—at the young lady's very shrewd suspicion.

"I suppose it would be unprofessional," she went on, "for you to say anything about the nature of the will in your possession, but I confess I should not be surprised if we were utterly disinherited. Grandpa would never have bidden me so affectionate a farewell if he had intended to leave me any money."

"You will pardon me, under the circumstances," I said, "since you have referred to the will, if I inquire whether you have a relative, by name Miss Betsy Standish? Such a person is, I believe, named in the will, and it might be best that she should be present at the reading of it."

"There is such a relative, I believe," said Mrs. Tolman, growing a little pale, "but she is a very distant connection, and a very old woman. She lives a day's journey from here, and I had not thought of notifying her."

"It is perhaps just as well," I said. "Certainly, under the circumstances no blame can attach to you. Are you quite sure, madam, that the will in my possession is the last will of the deceased? My uncle suggested to me caution on that point. Mr. Tolman has, it seems, made many wills, some of them differing very much in character from the one at present in our possession. Not unfrequently it has happened that we have guarded for a long time a will which we supposed valid, when suddenly it would appear that a later document was retained in the possession of our client himself. I confess to you that I should very much prefer to find a later document than the one in my possession, and would suggest to you the propriety of carefully examining the papers of the deceased, in the hope of bringing to light some such document."

Mrs. Tolman was by this time very pale, while Miss Blanche's face was crimson. They had both penetrated my meaning, and the sense of injury affected them very differently.

"You are certainly the proper person to institute such a search, Mr. Wynne," said Mrs. Tolman. "I shall deliver up to you the keys of Mr. Tolman's secretary, directly after breakfast."

I spent the entire morning ransacking the old gentleman's private desk. I found many things of curious import, but nothing that could invalidate the will.

And yet, the more I saw of these two women, the more I condemned the luck which had left them subject to the whims of such a man as Peter Tolman.

It was useless to torment them before their time, however, so I held my peace until after the funeral.

Then came the dinner, spread for friends and relatives from a distance; so that the day was far spent and the luminous June twilight was fading into dusk when we gathered in the private business room of the deceased to listen to the reading of the will.

The company gathered slowly, and no lights had been brought in. I sat by the green covered table in the middle of the room, waiting till the last straggler should have appeared, when, if no one else rang for candles, I should be obliged to do so myself. Mrs. Tolman sat at my right, and near her Miss Blanche.

There were two or three cousins also present, some of them named in the will for small legacies, others not, and two or three old servants had also been asked to listen to a kind message from their old master, and to receive some trifling gift. Altogether there were eight or ten of us.

I had risen to send for lights, when suddenly Mrs. Tolman caught my sleeve in an excited manner, and pointed towards the old fashioned chimney-piece. I looked in the direction indicated.

At first I saw nothing strange, but as I looked steadily, I saw the well defined figure of a man in black standing upon the hearth and reaching up to a portrait which hung over the mantel—the portrait, as I afterwards learned of some dead ancestor.

One long and very fleshy-looking finger of the right hand rested, apparently, upon the face of the portrait, though, as I stepped aside for an instant to get a better view of the face of the intruder, I thought the finger was not so much resting upon the portrait as pointing to it.

At that moment Mrs. Tolman fainted; I turned to her assistance, and when I looked back again the figure had disappeared. Mrs. Tolman was revived in a few moments.

"Did you see him?" she asked of me, excitedly, with her first conscious breath.

"See whom?" I replied.

"Father Tolman!" she ejaculated, with evident fear and horror in her tones.

Having never seen the old gentleman in life I had not of course been able positively to identify him, though, as I had looked at the figure, I had felt a curious certainty that it was he.

I quieted Mrs. Tolman as well as I could. Candles were then brought, and we proceeded to the reading of the will.

When the contents of it were fairly divulged, there was more or less of excitement in the room. The general feeling was one of indignation that the widow and her daughter were so unjustly treated.

"Who was Betsy Standish?" said one of the cousins. "A cross and crafty old curmudgeon, like Peter Tolman, who never gave a shilling in charity in her life, and never did a relative a good turn."

"She's seventy, besides," said another, "and can't live long to enjoy her wealth."

"To whom," I asked, "will she be likely to leave it when she dies?"

"Heaven knows!" said the first speaker. "She'd bury it with her, if she could. It's not likely her own kin will get much of it."

At this moment an old servant, a shrewd, gray-headed woman, yet superstitious withal as women of her class are wont to be, touched my arm.

"Please, sir," she said in a whisper, "did you see him?"

"See whom?" I asked.

"Peter Tolman, a standing on the hearth—a pointing to his dead great grandfather up there. I see him, sir, as plain as day. 'Twas that, I guess, that made Mrs. Tolman faint away."

"Then you saw it also?" I asked, with a curious interest.

"See it? Yes, I guess I did," she answered. "It was all in black—not like a common ghost at all. It will take a good while to whiten him, I tell ye. He was too hard and cruel like. But I tell ye what 'tis, there's another will somewheres, and that's just what he came back to say to you. And now do ye hunt, and hunt lively, and make sure you find it, afore these two pretty creatures has to go out of this house that's all the home they've got, and airn their own livin'. They've airnt it over and over again, a livin' with him, but they'll be cheated out on't as sure as ye live, if you don't do something for 'em, and that right away."

The old women left me with this, and, after bidding good evening to Mrs. Tolman and Blanche, and promising to call on them next morning, I went to the hotel.

A good part of that night I spent thinking over the situation. As may be imagined the ghost came in for a much smaller share of my thought than the actual and tangible situation.

With a caution which I learned in the early part of my professional life, and which I have found of great use through the whole course of it, I set myself about considering what the probable course of the defence would be, in case the will was contested.

I could see at once that, under the circumstances, it would be of the greatest consequence that we should be able to prove the legitimacy of the son of Peter Tolman and the actuality of his marriage with the mother of Miss Blanche.

As I understood matters, there might be some difficulty concerning the first point. If it could be established beyond controversy that Miss Blanche was the legitimate heir of her grandfather, it seemed to me that, with the pretty faces of those two women to plead in my favor, no jury in the country would fail to bring in a verdict for the plaintiffs.

I fell at last into a sleep which lasted till the sun was well up in the heavens. Then having risen and breakfasted, I set out for the Tolman place. I found Mrs. Tolman and Blanche already astir, with tearful faces packing up such articles as they could claim for their own preparatory to a removal.

I assured them at once that such haste was unnecessary, and in my opinion injudicious.

"Let us reason a little about this matter," I said. "It may not be so very difficult a matter to break this most certainly unjust will. It is quite certain, I presume, that your deceased husband, madam, was the legitimate son of Peter Tolman?"

"Most certainly he was," replied Mrs. Tolman with some indignation.

"The first thing, then, is to be able to prove that fact. Are either the marriage or the birth registered in any way to give evidence of the deed?"

"I am sure I don't know," said Mrs. Tolman, "I'll look in the family Bible and see if it is there."

A great old-fashioned volume with silver clasps was produced. The register was found wherein was recorded the births, marriages and deaths of two generations of Tolmans; but beyond the record of his birth, there was nothing pertaining to Peter Tolman. That was unfortunate truly.

"I will search the parish register immediately," I said.

"You will find nothing, I am sure," said Mrs. Tolman, sadly. "It was precisely like him to prevent any such proof of his marriage being preserved, in order that he might hold the fortune of his wife and children absolutely in his own control."

I was young, then, and I could hardly conceive of such desperate wilfulness. But it resulted as she had predicted. There was no doubt in our own minds that the son had been his lawful heir; but there was absolutely not a scrap of documentary proof of the fact to be found. Moreover the marriage had been in some degree private, and so chary had Tolman been of recognizing as his wife the mother of his son, that it might be difficult to establish the fact by common report, particularly as both mother and son was dead, the former having died during the infancy of her child.

"But your own marriage could be established, I suppose?" I said to Mrs. Tolman.

"The clergyman who married us is dead," she replied; "and"—growing a shade paler—"soon after we came here Mr. Tolman asked me for my marriage certificate, saying that it belonged among the family papers."

"But you surely never gave it up to him?"

"I did—most certainly."

"Well," I exclaimed, "could wickedness go farther?" I had just looked over all the family documents, and knew that no such paper was to be found among them.

"There is only one thing left to do," I said. "You can remain where you are for some weeks yet. Meantime, I shall visit Betsy Standish. She is old. I shall tell her that the heirs talk of contesting the will

and shall try and frighten her into some sort of compromise."

"I have no faith that you will succeed," said Mrs. Tolman, "and I shall leave here at once. The place is like a prison to me, —nay, worse. It is a ghost-walk, after what I saw yesterday evening. I could not be contented here for a day. I never before believed spirits were permitted to come back to earth; but since it is so, Peter Tolman will haunt this house, I know. In fact if I owned it, I would sell it forthwith."

I found that it was of no use to combat her prejudices, and so left her.

In less than a week I had found time to seek out Miss Betsy Standish's remote residence, and to call on her.

The servant who took up my card brought back word that I was to go up stairs.

Up stairs, therefore, to the old lady's sitting-room, I was speedily conducted. The house itself was a roomy but ancient and weather beaten structure. The carpets and furniture were old and worn and moth-eaten.

The room into which I was ushered was large and light, having four windows, two on the east and two on the south. There were no blinds to the house, but green paper curtains modified somewhat the otherwise blinding light.

In the great squares of sunshine which lay upon the carpet, worn threadbare with long use, two great cats were rolled up, basking in the southern exposure. Exactly between them, in a high back chair of the fashion of the Revolution, sat Miss Betsey Standish, a grim, hard featured old woman of seventy or more, in a black bombazine dress and a white starched cap. She looked at me inquiringly as the servant announced me.

"Mr. Wynne!" she said. "I thought that could be no other than my Cousin Tolman's lawyer. But surely Peter Tolman never employed this boy!"

I suspect I must have flushed a little.

"I beg your pardon, madam," I said, and explained to her the reason of my appearance in the place of my uncle.

She accepted the explanation.

"So Peter Tolman is dead," she said. "Well, we must all go some day. I have been advised by your firm of the disposition which he made of his property. You have come, I imagine, to conclude the business."

What an arbitrary and straightforward old creature she was, to be sure. As much like Peter Tolman himself, I judged, as it was possible for a woman to be.

"I'm glad he had his senses at the last," she went on. "I've been told he behaved very ill in his last years. Kept a couple of women about him under pretence that they had some claims upon him. It was very ill done of my cousin Tolman—a shameful piece of business! I hope the place is cleaned of the baggage."

"I beg your pardon," I replied, "but I fear you have been misinformed. The ladies you refer to are the wife of Mr. Tolman's son, deceased now for some years, and their daughter a beautiful girl——"

"Indeed!" exclaimed the old woman wrathfully. "Who told you that Peter Tolman ever had a son?—a legitimate son that is. Whoever did, deceived you. Your uncle never believed that story, I'll warrant. Peter Tolman marry a wife while I lived—never!"

So it was not quite all original depravity which had made Peter Tolman hide the fact of his marriage. He was afraid of this woman beside! Plainly there was no chance for a compromise here.

I spent another hour in making my assurance of this fact doubly sure, and in trying beside to find out the nature of the influence which it was very evident Betsy Standish had all her life exercised over Peter Tolman. That she bore him no love was quite certain. That he hated her cordially came out with equal plainness before the interview was over. Yet he had left her his fortune, to the exclusion of those who had natural and legitimate claims upon him. For I did not for a moment agree with Betsy Standish that he had never been married.

This was all that I could gain from the old woman. So I left her and went home.

I took counsel with my uncle, but he, no more than I, could see a way out of the difficulty.

"If that silly woman could have been made to stay in the house and defy its ghosts, black or white, it would have been something," he said. "As it is, I think they'll have to give it up, and it's an infernal shame. They lose a pretty piece of property and will, for aught I can see, have to work for a living; while you lose a case that might have brought you both money and reputation. Well, the ways of Providence are mysterious, and always have been ever since I've known anything about them!"

So the Tolmans were dismissed from our thoughts, save that now and then I couldn't help wondering whether that pretty Blanche had really gone to sewing or governessing.

A month later there came a brief letter from that same Miss Blanche. It was addressed to the firm, and begged that some one might be sent down for a consultation immediately.

"Why," I exclaimed, "I do believe they have found a new will."

"Not likely," said my uncle, gruffly, "since they left the house. If they had remained on the ground, I should have considered your supposition a very probable one. But you may as well run down and see what it is, though of course you won't be at any extra expense, since there's no money to be made out of two weak women who are disinherited heirs."

The permission was not amiably given, but I didn't mind that, I had that sort of personal interest in the case which young lawyers sometimes indulge in, though an old one never does, and I set off for Coningsby in gay spirits.

I found that Mrs. Tolman and Blanche were established in a small cottage near the old place. It was a quiet little nook, quite away from the village, and seemed a rather lonely residence for two lonely women.

I have forgotten to say that the letter to my uncle had been signed by Blanche alone. Knowing, however, how much more energetic than her mother she was, I had not wondered at that. But I own that I was a little surprised when I found her waiting for me at the station.

"I knew you wouldn't know the way to our little cottage," she said, "so I thought I'd come and show you."

"Which was exceedingly kind in you, Miss Blanche," I replied.

"Too kind, by half, I see you think," she replied. "But wait till you have heard my story. It is one that cannot be told just here."

I was about to engage a carriage to take us to the cottage, but Blanche interfered.

"Pardon me," she said. "Will you mind the walk? It is scarcely a mile."

"Certainly not," I replied, "if you prefer it."

"I do," she said. "I'll explain that, too, by-and-by."

We went out of the village by a different road from that which led to the old Tolman place.

We were scarcely clear of the town, however, before Miss Tolman said to me, "Now for my story; but first let me ask if you have any objections to going over to the old house. There is no one there now except, it may be, the black ghost."

I looked at this very frank young woman a little puzzled.

"The truth is," she said, in a half frank and half constrained way, "I have made a discovery, but until I know whether it amounts to anything, I don't choose to say anything to mamma, since she has been already too much agitated. She does not, therefore, know that I have written to you for assistance, and of course I prefer not to take you to the cottage unless I shall be able to gave her a favorable explanation of your presence."

"My dear Miss Blanche," I said, "you are a model of discretion. Let us by all means go over to the old house."

Then she went on with her story.

"Soon after we were settled in the cottage," she said, "Jane Grey, an old servant of my grandfather"—the very woman, as I remembered, who had spoken to me at the time of the reading of the will—"came to me vately, and told me that she, too, had seen what mamma saw on the day of the funeral. At first I thought they must both be out of their heads, but I questioned Jane, and she described the thing, whatever it was, precisely as mamma did.

"I thought that was strange, to say the very least of it, since they certainly had had no conversation upon the subject. But whereas mamma was so frightened that she had no heart even to mention the subject again, and has indeed forbidden me to speak of it in her presence, Jane was brimming over with talk about it; though she said, and I believe truly, that she had mentioned it to no soul but me.

"And this was the way she reasoned about it: Plainly, she said, it was the ghost of my grandfather: quite equally plain it was to her mind that he had not come back for nothing. Both she and mamma agreed that he pointed to the portrait over the mantelpiece. At first she couldn't think what that meant, but finally, lying awake, and trying to conjecture what errand Peter Tolman's ghost could have, and why it should point to that particular spot, she happened to think that the portrait rested against the chimney, and that very likely somewhere about that chimney something was hidden which he wanted to have found.

"'So now,' she said, 'if I was you, Miss Blanche, I'd just get a man, and go over and ransack that house, and I'd never leave brick upon brick of that chimney till I knew what that ghost came back for.'

"'Well,' I said, 'to begin with, I shall never get a man to do it. I'll have no gossip. But I will go over there myself, and reconnoitre. The house is locked up, to be sure, and Betsy Standish has the keys; but I know every nook and corner of the old place, and it's hard but I'll get in somehow.'

"So over I came to the old house, and I was not long, you may be sure, in effecting an entrance.

"I went straight to the library, and stood once more upon the hearth, where the ghost had stood."

We had reached the house by this time, and, quickly inducting me into the secret of her entrance, which, since the first time—for she had been here many times—had been by way of a window, we stood together upon the hearth before the portrait of Peter Tolman's ancestor.

"The first thing to be done," continued Miss Blanche, "was to remove that picture. It looked like quite an undertaking, for you see, it is large and fixed firmly against the wall; but I was determined not to call in the help of anyone. Indeed, as I understood the law, it was somewhat dangerous to do so, since the house being now the property of Miss Standish, we were plainly committing a trespass. But Jane Grey was both staunch and strong. We two came over here, therefore, at night, and set about the work."

"At night!" I said. "Were you not afraid?"

"Yes," she replied; "I was a little afraid that people would see the light, and so discover us. That was all I was afraid of. In fact, they did see the light, but they ascribed it to the ghost, and the place got so bad a name that not half the people in the village could be hired to visit it after nightfall, and the other half would just as lief avoid it if they could. After that I hadn't the slightest fear."

I could but laugh at her courage, and she went on.

"It was the third night before we accomplished anything; but by that time we had the heavy old thing down. Then it became apparent that the masonry behind it had been tampered with at some time. Then I got a trowel and a pick, and went at the wall. It soon opened before me, and there I found a small cavity or closet, and in the closet a tin box. The box was locked, and I had no key; but, after all the rest I had done, it was a small matter to cut the box open; and there I found—well, just some dusty old papers."

"But what were the papers?" I exclaimed, half provoked at this coquettish trick to whet my curiosity.

"Well," she replied, "that is precisely what I have sent for you to find out. Here they are. You see I dared not take them home; besides, they were safe enough here. And now I am going to give them to you for you to pass judgment upon them."

You may be very certain I was not long in going through them. They proved to be a set of private papers, hidden at different intervals during a long and strange career. First, Peter Tolman's own marriage certificate. How I longed to shake it in the face of obdurate old Betsy Standish! Then the record of his son's birth. Next, in order of time, the missing certificate of his son's marriage; then the record of Miss Blanche's birth; and, last of all, a will later by some months than the document which I had read to the heirs upon the funeral day.

But the strangest thing of all was the preface to the will. It went back and told, as only Peter Tolman could tell it, the story of his life. Of his acquaintance with Betsy Standish while they were both young; of a young man's passing fancy for her, which awakened in her heart an enduring passion, of his utter and absolute refusal to marry her, and her consequent vow that he never should marry any other woman.

Then followed a strange story of a crime committed of which he was the only witness, and her relentless determination to hold her knowledge of his guilt over his head as a rod of threatening; of his after falling in love and determination to gratify this genuine passion, and at the same time outwit Betsy Standish; of the means which he had taken to do this, and how they had succeeded. After recounting all this story, he proceeded to will and devise all his estate, real and personal, to his daughter-in-law and her child.

It was a strong and terse and wholly valid will. Yet, apparently, after it was executed, he had been seized with the fear which had indeed followed and embittered his whole life, that, by means of bribery or what not, Betsy Standish might wring the secret of it from whomsoever should be its custodian. Therefore he had hidden it in the solid masonry of his house. Had he really determined upon and forecasted, I wondered, his strange coming back to reveal its hiding-place? It was like Peter Tolman to do that; to carry on his intrigue and whet his revenge even beyond the grave.

But, at any rate, Betsy Standish was outwitted at last. Nothing could be plainer than that. As I looked at the slender girl before me, by whose persistent courage and energy the task had been accomplished, I thought that she was a worthy slip of the old stock, and I congratulated her most heartily upon her achievement.

Betsy Standish, lived long enough to learn how the ghost of Peter Tolman had checkmated her in the life-long game which they had played with such tenacity of purpose, and then was quietly gathered to her fathers.

Miss Blanche married shortly after, and Peter Tolman's great grandchildren play now upon the hearth where once stood the black ghost.

STRANGE FACTS ABOUT INDIA.

THE British Government has to do with strange religious beliefs in India. It is obliged to abstain from interferance with them, lest it should provoke discord. The Hindoos believe that the soul has three bodies—one, a material or gross body, which is burnt after death; the second, a body which rises from the soul from the funeral pyre, and accompanies it through its intermediate condition of happiness or of misery, before its reappearance in another body on earth. The intermediate body requires to be refreshed by food, which is offered to it by sons or grandsons. The most important event, therefore, in Indian home life, is the birth of a son. Daughters are but little regarded. A son to every Hindoo is the first and last of all necessary things. When a son is born the same priest is sent for, and the process of regenerating the child goes on, one of the ceremonies, accompanied with prayers, being that of feeding him with honey and clarified butter. The family astrologer also draws up the record of the child's nativity, and writes a prophecy of his life. When a boy is five years old he is betrothed, a professional matchmaker being employed. On his initiation into the Hindoo faith, he is invested with a three-fold cotton cord, which symbolizes the trinities of the Hindoo religion, and is a mark that the person wearing it is "thrice born," and that he has been again regenerated. As soon as he has been made regenerate, his religious life begins. Englishmen, in the opinion of orthodox Hindoos, are unregenerate and unclean, and their very touch is believed to defile. After the nuptial ceremony, a boy returns without his bride to his father's house, but at the age of 15 or 16 he is allowed to live with his child wife. Early marriages are the curse of India. The condition of Hindoo girls is one of hopeless ignorance; they are unable to read; they are never taught rules of health, or the most elementary truths of science. The feeling prevails that a girl who has learned to read has committed a sin, which will bring down a judgment on her and her husband. A young widow has practically no existence; an old widow is cared for by her children; but a young, childless widow is regarded as worse than dead. She cannot marry again (a man may marry again eleven or twelve days after the death of his wife); she is supposed to be in perpetual mourning for her dead husband, although she may never have seen him except at her child-wedding, and she remains during her life a household drudge.

HAS A CAT NINE LIVES?—Last month, writes a correspondent, greatly to the sorrow of the children, our cat, a half Persian, suddenly disappeared, and her accustomed place by the hearth "knew her no more." Search was made high and low, but no trace of puss could be found. As time went on we conjectured either that our favorite had been stolen by a sailor and taken for a voyage, or killed, and so resigned ourselves to our loss. Great, then, was our surprise, some time after, on seeing puss quietly walk in, scarcely able to stand, a veriest skeleton, covered with fur, and take her seat before the fire. I need not say she was fed and caressed ad libitum. The next day we learned her adventures. It seems on the 24th of February puss had strayed in to pay a neighbor a visit, and then, finding a plank of the flooring up—a man was altering the gas pipes—had retired into this hole to seek mice. In due time the plank was nailed down and the cat was made a prisoner. Here, then, without food, drink or air, puss remained until the 20th of March, when her incessant scratching made the occupier of the house fancy a rat must have a nest there, and take up the flooring to lay poison. She was taken out considerably more dead than alive, but kindly nursed and fed with a few drops of beef tea, and the next day found strength to crawl home. After her twenty six days' fast I think poor puss fully entitled to a most absolute indulgence during the remainder of her days.

HOW TO COOK A HUSBAND.—The first thing to be done is to catch him. Having done so, the mode of cooking him so as to make a good dish is as follows: Many a good husband is spoiled in the cooking. Some women keep them constantly in hot water, while others freeze them with conjugal coldness; some smother them with hatred and contention, and still others keep them in pickle all their lives. These women always serve them up with tongue sauce. Now it is not to be supposed that husbands will be tender and good if treated this way, but they are, on the contrary, very delicious when managed as follows: Get a large jar, called the jar of carefulness, (which all good housewives have on hand), place your husband in it and set him near the fire of conjugal love; let the fire be pretty hot, especially let it be clear; above all, let the heat be constant; cover him over with affection; garnish him with the spice of pleasantry; and if you add kisses and other confections, let them be accompanied with a sufficient portion of secrecy, mixed with prudence and moderation.

THE HEARTLESS ONE.

BY EMANUAL DEUTSCH.

Upon my darling's beaming eyes
I piled my rhyming trade;
Upon my darling's cherry lips
An epigram I made;
My darling has a blooming cheek,
I penned a song upon it;
And if she had but had a heart,
Her heart had had a sonnet.

Antiquities of the Toilette.

THE extreme desire for fair hair evinced about six or eight years ago on the part of all fashionable ladies, whether naturally blonde or endowed by nature with black eyes and raven locks, appeared but a passing folly of the present age. The remark of the hairdresser to the brunette, "Ma'am, dark hair is no longer received in good society," is frequently quoted as a ludicrous proof of the furore felt both by ladies who desire to be admired, and by the gentlemen who admire them, for golden or auburn locks. Every one has seen some instance in which the adoption of artificial plait or chignon of the favorite hue by some black eyed, dark complexioned belle, has produced an effect the very reverse of successful. But that this absurdity, now happily past or passing away, is no new thing, we may learn from a very interesting and curious work now before us. The Blondes, according to the Paintings of the School of Venice. In this book we are informed, what indeed, a close study of the works of Titian, Veronese, Tintoretto Giorgione, and the other great masters of the Venetian school would of itself have taught us that the passion for hair so characteristic of the last decade is only a revival of one prevailing during the Italian Renaissance period.

"The Abbe de Bernis," says our authority "was astonished, on his arrival at Venice in his capacity of ambassador, to find none of the golden heads, so admirably painted by every Venetian master, from the days of Carpaccio downwards. Beautiful ladies are to be found in plenty in the City of the Sea, but they are all endowed with magnificent heads of black hair floating in waves of ebony over their shoulders. In various parts of Lombardy, it is true, the light hair of the ancient Longobards has by no means died out. The festival of the Madonna in September, at Saronne, near Milan, that locality so rich in beautiful frescoes from the pencils of Bernardino Luino, and Gaudenzio Ferrari, brings before the eye of the traveller many a flaxen or auburn haired maid and matron. In Venice itself, though not very frequently, the peculiar shade so patronised by the old masters is still to be met with. But no painter has now, as had Carpaccio, as had Tintoretto, as had Titian, that reddish golden shade of hair before his eyes in well nigh every lady he meets. How is this difference between the sixteenth century and the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries to be accounted for? Simply by the caprices of fortune. The golden locks of Venetian ladies three centuries ago were ordinarily fashionable falsehoods, produced by dyers sufficiently skilful to deceive lover or nearest friend—miracles of the druggist's and the perfumer's art."

We are further informed by our author, or rather authors, of the reasons why, at the Renaissance period, in Italy, and the countries which adopted Italy as their "glass of fashion," there arose this sudden and singular enthusiasm for fair hair. We do not altogether coincide with the reasons given, but they are at least suggestive:—

"The mystical mediæval period intensely even fanatically religious always awaiting with trembling the trumpet of the last judgment, would have been no age in which to travesty the creatures of God by transforming dark locks into light. It would have appeared to the men and women of that epoch as little short of sacrilege and profanity. But as soon as the Renaissance, at the close of the fifteenth century, had, especially in Venice, that city of pleasure, that metropolis of luxury, thrown open all imaginations, and given scope to every seduction, when the dazzling beauty of newly-introduced fabrics had kindled vanity and ambition, when alchemy had redoubled the ardor of scientific research by giving it the incentive of avarice; delight in the rush of new objects brought before the mind, and an absolute passion for personal adornment literally turned everybody's head. Blondes being rare ayes, and consequently making the easiest conquests, every woman wished to be one, in order to have a wide empire over hearts."

After all, in the Middle Ages golden hair was in very wide esteem, if we may judge from the old ballad which tells us "he wedded her for her golden hair." But it is most probable that to the revival of classical studies at the period ordinarily known as the Renaissance we must trace this fashion or caprice.

Sperzesi, an Italian author, writes thus of the various modes of dressing ladies' hair which have prevailed in France:—"Under the Merovingian Kings (who reigned from 487 A. D. to 741 A. D.) women wore their hair parted over the forehead, slightly curled over the temples, and afterwards fastened again in wavy plaits. In that style is represented the hair of queens and other ladies of rank, as we see them in statues of the period in question. Many such statues once adorned the front of the church of St. Germain des Pres, at Paris, and among them might be noticed the figure of Queen Clotilda, the wife of Clovis. This royal lady was represented with long ringlets hanging down over her shoulders, and adorned with strings of pearls. But, as a general rule, the princesses and other ladies of high rank who attained any special reputation for sanctity are represented as veiled, and without any hair visible.

"Under Charlemagne, the ladies, without entirely concealing their hair, fastened it up and only showed a few of their locks slightly curled round the face. Ritichilda, the wife of Charles the Bald, turned her hair completely up, concealing the ends under a sort of cap. Richard, the wife of Charlemagne plaited the lance portion of her hair, and wore it raised up beside her cheeks.

"The fashion went back at the end of the 13th and beginning of the 14th centuries to what it had been in the days of Queen Clotilda. Blanche of Castile, mother of King Louis the Ninth, returned to the style of the Merovingian Queens, and after her time ladies entirely covered their heads, and concealed not only the hair, but the shape of the figure, and thereby all elegance of person, under the veil and the kind of nun's garment commonly worn.

"The 15th century was one of great change in female hair dressing. The vain and extravagant Isabella of Bavaria took great pleasure in inventing every sort of new and absurd fashion in costume, and in spite of the desolating wars which at the period harassed France, dress was showy and costly, and exaggerated in its caprices. Throwing aside all thought of what was really becoming or convenient, women entirely concealed their hair, while at the same time the shoulders and whole upper part of the person was uncovered. It was this Queen who brought into fashion the head dress, the shape and exaggerated height of which rendered it so absurd, which obtained the name of the horn. Severe were the invectives launched against these horns by dignitaries of the Church and other preachers of the time.

"'Matrons and maidens,' says Paradin in his Annals of Burgundy, 'wear upon their heads ornamental head dresses, about three feet high, shaped like church steeples, from which hang down, like banners, long veils with costly fringes.'

"Women of inferior rank showed more taste both in dress and coiffure at that period than those of high degree. In ancient pictures and frescoes, and especially in the remarkable representation known as 'The Dance of Death,' we see depicted women of the middle classes, the wives of citizens, wearing their hair long and loose, crowned with flowers or partially covered with a cap: while the locks of the ladies of rank are entirely concealed by a head gear in the form of a sugar loaf, the costliness of which scarcely counterbalanced its bad taste.

"During the reign of Francis the First a much more becoming style was introduced at the French Court. The paintings of Leonardo da Vinci, especially one said to be the portrait of Laura, beloved of the Italian poet Petrarch, represent very lovely women wearing their hair parted and smoothed over their forehead, and falling over the shoulders in long masses."

Young ladies who correspond with rejected lovers would do well to take a hint from the following curious case: Mlle Eclicie Maxy, who lives on the farm of Pentecote, on the Belgian frontier, was on the point of being married when she received a letter from an old suitor asking her to reconsider the matter, and send him an immediate reply. A postage stamp was gallantly enclosed to defray the cost of transmission. The answer duly written, Mlle. Maxy applied the stamp to her fair lips; but hardly had she done so when she felt a sharp pain in her tongue, and in less than no time that interesting member became terribly elongated and inflamed and covered with noisome sores. The disconsolate one, Alfred Camin by name, farmer at Pichon, in the Nord, has been arrested; but he declares that he used no noxious drug, but simply moistened a corner of the stamp with his own lips. Such is the state of the case as it stands, but the tale carries its own moral.

A train boy got rather taken in on the Pennsylvania railroad the other day. He distributed the usual candy and cake packages through an emigrant train, but when he came back to gather them up again the foreigners had disposed of the goodies and thrown the empty boxes out of the window. They thought it was a free lunch furnished by the conductor, and could not be got to pay for it either.

The Marquis of Lorne is having two fine railroad cars built for him in Troy, N. Y., at a cost of $15,000. One is to be used as a sitting room, the other for smoking.

Senator Thurman thinks seriously of running for Governor of Ohio.

OUR SONS.

WE take great care that the morals of our daughters shall be good, we hedge them about with kind observances, and are shocked even when they hear a profane word: we do not indulge them in tobacco no do we allow them to smoke hollow sticks when small and buy cigars when older. Perhaps our husbands smoke and our daughters are early inured to the smell of tobacco: perhaps our husbands chew and our daughters inherit from their father a taste for the weed: perhaps our husbands swear and our daughters are early accustomed to hear profane language but, somehow, we manage to keep them pure, and trust to the best that is in their nature. But our sons: there is ever a ready excuse for their failings. Few mothers will admit the truth that a son learns most of his bad habits from his father. No. She will tell you he learns them at school or on the street. She is shocked and mortified that he has been in such company. I have frequently heard a mother express astonishment at the bad habits of her son, and wonder "where he could have formed them," when I well knew that had the questions been put and truthfully answered, the conversation would show the father's example did a great deal towards them.

If we felt half the horror of our daughters marrying bad men, that we should did we know our sons were to be united to bad women, the present state of society would not long exist. All thinking men and women would as carefully watch over the morals and habits of their sons, as they now do over those of their daughters, and money would not so completely cover a multitude of faults.

It is perfectly shocking to see the number of small boys who are addicted to the use of profane language and tobacco, and while the advice givers of the country are "harping" to the mothers to be more tender, more loving, more everything, would'nt it be a good plan to say to the fathers, don't drink, don't swear, don't lie, don't chew tobacco, don't smoke, and above all don't have all these bad habits and teach them by example to your sons and then say, "Oh, well he is a boy, it is to be expected."

It is not to be expected that our daughters will be happy as wives or that their lives will be even endurable without our sons also are educated to overcome evil and to love wisdom and walk in the path of virtue.

The old, old story of Beauty and the Bear may be read and believed by our daughters, but let us faithfully teach them that in many thousand years there has been but one Beauty who could entirely transform a Bear.

S. A. M. Moss.

THE SUNDAY LAW OF THE STATES.—Every State in the Union, with the single exception of Louisiana, has on its statute books a Sunday law of some kind, and they are all more or less fashioned after the English statute of Charles II., passed in the year 1675, and familiarly known as the Lord's Day act. In general terms it may be said that they prohibit labor "on the first day of the week, commonly called Sunday (excepting works of necessity and charity) the transaction of ordinary mercantile business (except the selling of medicines) the keeping open of dram shops and traveling in vehicles for business or pleasure, with exceptions in favor of ferrymen and mail carriers. In some of the Southern and Western States there are special provisions. Arkansas punishes Sunday indulgence in "brag, bluff, poker, seven up, three up, twenty one, thirteen cards, the odd trick, forty-five, whist, or any other game of cards," by a fine of from $25 to $50. California charges from $50 to $500 in the shape of a fine, for attending any "bull, bear, cock or prize fight, horse race or circus," or for keeping open any gambling house "or any place of barbarous or noisy amusement, or theatre where liquors are sold." Florida, for disturbing any congregation of white persons, provides a fine not to exceed $100, or that the offender shall be "whipped not exceeding thirty-nine stripes, or imprisoned not exceeding six months." South Carolina alone of all the States, sticks to the old notion of compelling attendancee upon divine worship. Her statute still provides that all persons "having no reasonable or lawful excuse, on every Lord's day shall resort to some meeting or assembly of religious worship, tolerated and allowed by the laws of the State, and shall there abide, orderly and soberly, during the time of prayer and preaching, on pain of forfeiture, for every neglect of the same, of the sum of $1." The Illinois Sunday law is much milder than the laws of most of the other States. It only prohibits the keeping open of tippling houses, and disturbing the peace or good order of society by unnecessary labor, or amusement or diversion with exceptions in favor of watermen and railroad companies.

Among the recent arrivals at the Dead Letter Office are four F. rida oranges, a piece of wedding cake and a bologna sausage.

THE PRUSSIAN ORDENSFEST.

THE Ordensfest, or annual festival of the Prussian Orders of Chivalry and Merit, is the most magnificent as well as interesting celebration of its kind in Europe. It brings together all the men of every social class who during the preceding year have been deemed worthy of especial reward by their sovereign, and seats them, without distinction of birth or official rank, at the royal table, honored guests of the Prussian King whose decorations they wear. They assemble in different saloons of the huge castle on the Spree, to which they are marshalled by Court officials through lines of stately body guards and resplendent lacqueys.

Gathered together in these chambers, each of which has a quaint title of its own, and is devoted on the day of the Ordensfest to the service of a particular Order, they are visited by the Emperor and Empress in state, attended by the whole Royal Family and Court, and hear their names, with the full description of the distinctions conferred upon them, proclaimed aloud by an officer of the royal household. When this ceremony—which commences with the Illustrious Knights of the Black Eagle and terminates with the humble recipients of the 'General Badge of Honor,' the twenty five years' service crosses, and the medals for saving life—is concluded, the whole of those decorated are conducted by chamberlains and gentlemen in waiting to the great banqueting hall of the castle, where they sit down with their monarch and his family to a sumptuous repast, at which the enormous festal resources of the Prussian household in plate, curious wines, and personnel are displayed with extraordinary lavishness and splendor.

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL.—This is a question that burdens the mass of womankind so much. Curls and cosmetics are all in requisition to enhance the beauty of "the human face divine"—but what is the result? Youth's roses only flee the faster—old age will creep on apace; rouge cannot hide its wrinkles, nor can it make any face beautiful. We are decided believers in the old adage, "Handsome is that handsome does." No face has true beauty in it that does not mirror the deeds of a noble soul. There is not a thought, word or deed that does not leave its autograph written on the human countenance; and we care not whether kind Nature has given her child an ugly face or a handsome one, if the heart that beats underneath all, is warm and loving. And if the soul that looks out from the eyes be true and pure that face will be beautiful always, for it has found the true fountain of youth, and though time may fold the hair in silver, and furrow the brow yet there will ever be a beauty lighting it up that years cannot dim, for the heart and soul never grow old.

M. S.

Some years ago a missionary went to King Cetywayo's kraal with a view of converting him and his people to Christianity. He told them that if they were bad they would all be consumed in a great fire after their death. The King listened in silence, and when the missionary had concluded, ordered his subjects to collect a great pile of wood and then set it on fire. When it was properly in a blaze, and gave out so much heat that no one could come near it, the King summoned two regiments who had listened to the sermon and ordered them to charge into the burning pile and extinguish it. Naked as they were, without shoes or any covering at all, they rushed into the burning mass like madmen, raving and yelling, and did not stop till hardly a vestige of the fire remained. The King then said to the missionary, "You have seen that. That is what we will do with your hell. The Zulu won't play with your fires, and you had better clear out of this country at once, or I will have a little fire made for you to put out." The missionary took the hint.

A HUMAN ROADWAY.—A correspondent writing from Egypt, of the Mohammedan festival which closes the ten days of rejoicing that follow the return of the Mecca pilgrims, says: At 12 o'clock all the recently returned pilgrims gathered at one of the mosques—thousands of them, men and boys, (no women), with their pilgrimage banners and their rags. Then a lot wilder than the others appeared, and riding behind them the Sheik of their sect, who was to perform the crowning feat of the day. At a certain point on the road two or three hundred of them prostrated themselves on the ground, and the Sheik, seemingly half unconscious, and supported by two attendants, rode over them, that is, on their prostrate bodies. The horse, a dainty Arab, milk white, did not seem to like the animated pavement over which he was forced to tread, but champed his bit, seemed nervous and excited and walked rapidly. The Mohammedans pretend that the faithful are never injured or rather that the horse does not touch them at all. Some of the men and boys were in spasms, or "wrought through agony and excitement." These are immediately carried out of sight and no report is ever made of accident or physical damage.

Our Young Folks.

ZACHUR WITH THE SACK.

BY A. D. W.

A STATELY LOOKING man, wearing suspended on his left side, by a strong strap a simple gray sack, while a well filled leather purse hung on his right, was one day slowly wandering through the crowded bazaar of Bagdad. He remained standing before one of the stalls, and then after a little reflection proceeded to purchase the largest and finest carpet there—one of those in which the foot seems gently to sink down and the sound of each step is completely lost.

Paying for it he quickly took up the immense roll of carpet, and pushed it slowly but surely into his sack. Then, without heeding the amazement and shaking of the head of the dealer, he passed on.

His desire of purchasing seemed now to be thoroughly roused.

Twelve flasks of otto of roses found their way into his sack; ten pounds of the finest Turkey tobacco followed them, then came, quite appropriately, a magnificent nargileh, with a long tube and a yellow amber mouthpiece on the top of which he carelessly threw a heavy ebony box, inlaid with copper.

Notwithstanding the crowd, he attracted curious notice, and a dignified looking man had long been following him attentively, without however addressing him. But when he had reached the middle of the bazaar, where the best and most costly wares are exposed for sale, and when, as though intoxicated by the sight, he seized the most incongruous things and unthinkingly pushed them into his sack—pearls from Ormuz and beades from Damascus, bags of Mocha coffee and bales of silk, fishes and rings, bracelets and dates, watches, saddles, and diamonds—then the Caliph, for it was no less a personage who was following him, could contain himself no longer, and said,

"I have seen many wonders, O stranger, and by the beard of the Prophet, thou art not the least. Have, then, thy purse and thy sack no end? And tell me—how will those poor tender pearls, which were too dear for me to buy for Zuleika, fare among tons and crates?"

Zachur—such was the name of the stranger—bowed low.

"Ruler of the Faithful!" he said, "Allah is great and His gifts are wonderful. Look here!"

He quickly put his right hand into the sack and brought forth unhurt a double row of large milk white pearls which he respectfully presented to the Caliph.

The Caliph was astonished at Zachur's riches and was curious to learn more.

So they sat down and Zachur began his tale.

"I am the son of a poor man, O sire, and seemed doomed to poverty. But there stood a good fairy by my cradle, and said on it this bag and this purse, saying:

"'Grow up, Zachur, and look around thee in the world. Buy what pleases thee. Pay for it out of this purse, which will not become empty, and preserve it in this sack which will not become full, but especially pack in all that is valuable—the weight of it will not weary thee.'

"Then I was surprised to day at my rapidity in purchasing—thou shouldst have seen me in my young days! When the world still looked sunny and bright to my childish gaze, when thousands of objects attracted me, my hand was rarely out of my purse and my sack. I took long journeys over sea and desert, through lonely villages and large cities, and whatever pleased me I bought, and joyfully put into my capacious sack. Indeed, it filled itself without aid from me, shining green birds and brilliant snow-white blossoms flew into it.

"The first impetuous joy was, however, soon stilled. Sometimes a feeling of indifference came over me, and I passed unmoved by the most beautiful things, because I already possessed so much that was lovely.

"'Another opportunity will occur,' I thought, 'if I should ever wish for it.' But it never came, just as no moment of time ever returns, and now I mourn over many a neglected chance.

"But the world is still large and Zachur is not old yet. I have still time to buy, and sometimes the old longing is very strong within me. Thus to-day, O sire, how eagerly I seized the things, and among others I have thy picture."

"Well spoken," said the Caliph, delighted, "it is easy to see that thou hast travelled, and been in courts too, friend Zachur. But the Prophet has forbidden to make a likeness or picture of man, the image of Allah. But as thou possessest none, so thou sayeth, done by some unbelieving dog, I should like to look at the thing."

"Thy wish is a command to me," answered Zachur, who was already fumbling in the sack, but for some time in vain.

"Well," called the Caliph, getting angry, "art thou sorry that thou hast promised? Or——"

"Here it is, O sire," said Zachur, breathing freely and the anger of the ruler disappeared as he gazed, with curiosity, on a small silver medal.

"It is I and yet it is not," he said, shaking his head. "And—what do I see?—the—the thing is broken, look here! there is a crack that separates the feet of my horse from my body. Therefore, thou canst not keep all thy things unhurt in that sack—thou canst not find them all in a minute; confess thou hast also lost some entirely."

"I am the son of a poor man," answered Zachur, blushing, "but I learnt two things when only a boy: to use a sword and speak the truth. Pardon me, O sire, if I have thoughtlessly offended thee. Yes, I have lost many a thing; and when I was boasting just now that I had everything in my sack I was guilty of exaggeration, as men of limited capacity are, in the use of the two words, everything and nothing. I should have said most things. But the loss was in a great measure my own fault. If only one thing could fall into the deepest depths of the sea! But I suppose I must carry it with me to the end of my life."

"Of what dost thou speak, friend Zachur," asked the Caliph in an excited tone. "Hast thou got ugly things in thy sack?"

"I have got the stone which I once threw after a poor dog," said Zachur sadly; "and the creature was thin and weary, it fell down, looked at me, and died. Then I have also a dagger, which is stained with the blood of my dearest friend; but it did not cause his death, praised be God!"

At this very moment the crowd separated, two outriders on swift Arab steeds seemed to fly over the ground, and behind them came a gilt carriage, drawn by four Barbary horses. Zachur sprang up, his sadness all forgotten.

Without for a moment losing sight of the approaching procession, seeing the Caliph too he quickly pushed his carpet and nargileh into his sack, and exclaimed with sparkling eyes:

"To whom does this magnificence belong? Though, how can I ask? for who but thou, O sire, could call such splendor his own?"

"How beautifully the Nubian in his purple contrasts with the grey horse, and the pale Christian slave in the blue silk, with the shining black steed! If only thou wert a merchant with this equipage for sale!"

"Princes do not barter," said the Caliph, as he put a little silver whistle to his mouth and blew a shrill blast, when horses and carriage stood still by the side of the fountain.

"But thou hast made a handsome present, friend Zachur, and what is more, given me a pleasant hour, like what thou praises so enthusiastically—be my guest to-day; and to-morrow, or when it pleases thee drive away into the wide world in this carriage—it must be weary work dragging such a sack."

Zachur crossed his arms on his breast, bowed low and answered: "Thy favor is like dew on a barren land; even for the richest and if I had not promised a sick friend to be with him this evening I would willingly enter within the shadow of thy halls. Therefore let me go in peace, but these beautifully kept horses and carriage shall not go through the dust of the suburbs!"

Saying this he quietly pushed the Nubian with his gray steed, the black horse and his rider, the carriage and horses into the sack, bowed down to the ground again, and then stepped lightly and erect towards the city gate.

The Caliph shook his head as he looked after him and went home. Then he sent for his private secretary and said:

"Take a swan-quill and a sheet of the finest parchment, and write down carefully what I shall dictate: the story of Zachur with the Sack."

* * * * * *

Many of my young readers have doubtless long since seen the meaning of my tale; mine lurk through its pages yet. We should all be surprised at a Zachur, and yet, like him, we have each a faithful capacious sack, *memory* into which, from our youth upwards, we have crammed what is noble and common, pearls and pebbles, and yet it does not become full, nor our purse, our power of comprehension, empty.

But especially and cordially I would repeat this to those of my young readers who have carelessly skimmed the tale, and now at the end are surprised to find a meaning; like the wonders of a fairy tale. You who are still at that age when the world as Zachur says, lies so bright and sunny before your open eyes—do not be timid or anxious about an imaginary burden, go cheerfully to the attack, buy all that pleases you, all that good people recommend to you—you have money enough.

But beware of stones and daggers—they make one weary, and where [illegible] of forgetfulness, flow into which you might cast them, not even your teachers know.

A bill making women eligible to the offices of Superintendent of Schools and School Inspectors has been passed by the Michigan House of Representatives.

Celebrations.

CONDUCTED BY "WILKINS MICAWBER."

Address all communications to Wilkins Micawber, No. 644 North Seventeenth St., Philadelphia, Pa. Solutions and original contributions solicited.

THE ROVER'S SONG.

Charade.

BY LOCHINVAR.

I am a SECOND of the FIRST;
When the lightnings gleam, and the thunders burst,
I scan undaunted the angry sky;
For a thoroughly THIRD FIRST—men am I.
Unrailed in storm, and in danger nursed—
For I am a SECOND of the FIRST.

No joy for me in the peaceful light
Of household fires; of homes made bright
By smiling faces of child and wife;
I love a bold, adventurous life.
In fireside lore, I am not well versed—
For I am a SECOND of the FIRST.

When the balmy breezes of summer fail,
And we battle the fierce September gale:
When the rain and the wild winds rage together,
I only call it WHOLE, wholesome weather.
I have fought the tempest and dared its worst—
For I am a SECOND of the FIRST.

ANSWERS.

No. 165. STRUT
TEASE
RATAN
UNAGE
TENET

No. 167. BLUE BONNET.

No. 168.
CAD
JADED
GALIPOT
ADIPOSE
DEPOSED
DOSEL
FED

No. 169. CASHMERE

No. 170.
BISBOO
OILNUT
TOSSEI
TFTAUG
TFSTAS
REEBOK

No. 171. MORE NICE THAN WISE.

No. 172.
O
FED
TONIC
HARELIP
TOLERATED
DERATED
DOTED
WED
D

No. 173. DONKEY

No. 174.
AMONGST
GEHENNA
ADACTYL
MINIATE
ITALIAN
SACKBUT
TEMPERS

No. 175. MAXILLO.

No. 176.
QUERCUS
BRAMPS
LIMBATE
LEERING
LACTEAN
RECTION
SKINNEY

No. 177. POSTLUDIUM IN A NUTSHELL.

No. 178.
P
MID
MOLED
MANAPES
MONUMENTS
PILAMENTOUS
DEPENDING
DENTILE
STONE
EUG
U

No. 179. NUMERICAL.

Just like my 5, 6, 7, 4
To sir John's gentle heart
Are bitter former words of hate
As angrily they part
Then decently will 1, 2, 3, 4
His rides towards his friend
The while, his steed with WHOLE so sore
Is reeking o'er with foam.

Philadelphia, Pa. PROSPECT.

No. 180. SQUARE.

1. My FIRST to steam doth always mean
2. A [illegible] to pen is seen
3. A weight of lead we now will trace.
4. A nobleman are fields in peace
5. To join together strong and fast
6. Freed from hurtful things my LAST.

Girard, Pa. OLIVER.

No. 181. CHARADE.

My FIRST is found in nearly all
The rural trees of the earth
My second may excite a call,
If it happened one year which
My WHOLE does often evidence
From sleigh of those who rule the state

Fort Clark, Texas. CARMEW.

No. 182. DIAMOND.

1 o 1 a letter.
The 1 2 3 a tree
The 1 2 3 4 5 conflagrations
The 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 timber, shovel and tonga.
The 2 4 5 6 7 to harbor or secrete.
The 6 4 7 a fee
The - a letter

New Haven, Conn. O. POSSUM.

No. 183. DOUBLE CROSSWORDS.

In powlike not in fen,
In hookah not in pipe,
In lapwing not in wren,
In wittwall not in snipe,
In dabchick not in hen,
In [illegible] not in [illegible],
In kingdom not in men
WHOLE are of cod-fish type.

Lebanon Church, Va. O. C. O. La.

No. 184. SQUARE.

1. Split. 2. A compound. 3. An officer. 4. A charge in addition to the freight. 5. A wall or rampart. 6. A piece of furniture. 7. Destroyed.

Sedalia, Mo. CAPT. CUTTLE.

No. 185. CHARADE.

The FIRST is seen on high,
A [illegible] in the sky
'Tis seen upon the street
And trodden under feet.

The LAST on buildings high,
Almost up to the sky
Is seen upon the street,
'Tis trodden under feet.

The WHOLE in buildings I
Have seen away up high;
In almost every street
'Tis trodden under feet.

New York City. CZAR DEAN.

No. 186. DIAMOND.

1. A consonant. 2. Allured. 3. A city in France. 4. An animal. 5. Everlasting. 6. Fatal. 7. Honesty. 8. Victory. 9. A consonant.

Independence, Mo. BRO. J. MIN.

No. 187. CROSS WORD.

In bloom not in spray,
In [illegible] not in play,
In [illegible] to stay,
In stay not in boom
In sting not in harp,
In harp not in sting,
In [illegible] not in carp,
In [illegible] in ring.
Concealed I have without decoy
The state of my wee baby boy

San Francisco, Cal. GOOSE QUILL.

No. 188. DIAGONAL SQUARE.

A noise. 1. The most active. 2. A volcanic rock. 3. To pass from one key to another. 4. Fitted to repellent. 5. An article [illegible] in a year. 6. To separate perfectly. 7. A plant. 8. A parish of England.

DIAGONALS.—Left to right, beginning at the top: 1. A letter. 2. A printer's term. 3. A girl's nickname. 4. A stable. 5. A military gentleman. 6. Completely worried out. 7. A gun boat. 8. A substance which [illegible] the acid in the stomach. 9. To enlighten. 10. The sole standing of. 11. To [illegible] swelling. 12. Observance. 13. A fish. 14. If. 15. A letter.

New York City. JARVIS.

No. 189. ANAGRAM.

A distinguished legislator.
RINGS ONE O'CLOCK.

Grape Island, W. Va. B. K. J.

No. 190. DIAMOND.

1. A consonant. 2. To involve. 3. Just. 4. Mental states. 5. Certain reptiles with scale-armor. 6. Deviating from circularity. 7. An Eastern carriage. 8. Expedition. 9. A town in Turkey. 10. Iniquity. 11. A consonant.

Brooklyn, N. Y. DEAR POQUIER.

ANSWERS NEXT WEEK.

PRIZES.

1. The POST six months for FIRST COMPLETE list of solutions.
2. The POST three months for NEXT BEST list.

SOLVERS.

Correct solutions of April 7th were received by A. Silver, Jarvis, Old Actor, Wm. Craig, Poquier, Hal Hazard, Asian Weaver, Rag, J. Min, Corset, Goose Quill, Mrs. Nickleby, Professor Longwhat, Capt. Cuttle, Flewy Ann, Nic O. Demus, Maud Lynn, Percy Vere, Gradnew, Jordan, Edwin, O. C. O. La., O. Possum, Joe Nicolas.

PRIZE WINNERS.

1. A. Silver, - - - - Kenton, Ohio.
2. Jarvis, - - - - New York City.
3. Gradnew, - - - Fort Clark, Texas.

ACCEPTED CONTRIBUTIONS.

Percy Vere—Two Rhomboids and two Squares. Cyril Deane—Half Square and Rhomboid. Hal Hazard—Cross Words. A. S. F.—Two charades. Capt. Cuttle—Charade. Hal Square, Diamond Square and two Diamonds. O. W. L.—Sketch. Vexed—Cross-word. My Dog—Two Double Cross Words and Cryptograph. Gradnew—Quadruple Square. T. A. R.—Rhomboid and Diamond. Koo—Double Cross Words.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. S. F.—The two Charades (twins) are excellent, and we will publish them together.

CYRIL DEANE.—At last; well we will punch your passon ticket and let you go in at once and enjoy yourself with the rest of the boys.

HAL HAZARD.—Cross words very fine. Good work is always appreciated at this shop.

PERCY VERE.—We are always pleased to hear from careful workmen. The quartette shall have a benefit soon.

CAPT. CUTTLE.—Walk right in Cap., and we will send around for Mrs. Nickleby and Traddles, and talk it over with them.

YANKEE.—Cross Word O. K. Send some more.

MY DOG.—Your last Double Cross Words would cheer any editor's heart. We cannot commend them too highly.

GRADNEW.—Square accepted and you win the Spring Wonder prize. We are [illegible] time and distance. Lucy Neal. Gradnew's [illegible] last [illegible] news.

The old colored man, whose name might be Sam,
Once lived in a HAMLET his diet was HAM
But if "hearts all bone, such," HAMLET'S far,
A [illegible]
Shakspeare's [illegible] Hamlet he never had seen.

T. A. R.—Your work is doing very well, indeed. Large work is [illegible]. Private.

K. O.—Cross Words were [illegible]. Many thanks. K. O. is making very well now.

WORKERS.—Every point which has been accepted for this department will appear in the POST unless a [illegible] examination reveals a defect; but like [illegible] Shakspeare, we give you "fair warning" that in the future [illegible] the very utmost attention to the [illegible] we can give, we are so glad that we cannot, and will, [illegible] with inferior work. We wish every puzzle published in Celebrations to be a credit to the maker, and an honor to ourselves. No bouquets!

HUMAN CURIOSITIES.

IT IS a well known fact that in certain instances Nature is unusually lavish in her physical endowments, while in other instances she stints her favors. In the former case she develops giants; in the latter dwarfs. Of such burlesques we would speak a few words.

Of giants we may fitly begin with the 'Largest of English Subjects,' who recently died in London. William Campbell was a native of Scotland, and was the second son of a family of seven children, who with the exception of himself, showed nothing remarkable in their growth. He came of a fine race by the male side, his grandfather having been about seven feet high. His own stature lacked eight inches of that height; but his weight was over 756 pounds and he measured ninety six inches round the shoulders, eighty five inches round the waist, and thirty-five inches round the calf. He died at twenty two. His coffin was seven feet long, three feet six inches wide, and two feet ten inches in depth; and the coffin, lined with lead, weighed with the body in it one ton.

This burly Scotchman was, however, completely thrown in the shade by the Chinese giant known as Yano-Shan. His history has a considerable smack of the marvellous. He relates that when he was about eighteen he was no taller than other youths of the same age; but one day when fishing, he caught a strange-looking smooth-skinned fish, which he cooked and ate, but shortly afterwards fell seriously ill. It was after this malady—of which the fish was supposed to be the primary cause—that Yano took to shooting upwards, his inches increasing the more rapidly in proportion as he gained his health. He was three inches over eight feet when last measured; and when he asked how he accounted for his head not having grown in proportion to the rest of his bulk, the giant's ready answer was: 'I only ate the body of the fish; a dog snapped up the head which I threw away, and his head grew to such an enormous size that they were obliged to shoot him.'

From the east and west arrive simultaneous reports of other prodigies of a like nature. A native giant has been exhibited in Calcutta, round whom flocked crowds of his countrymen to do him honor. In the west, Florida claims the distinction of possessing the tallest family in the country, all the members of which out out the above-named eastern in stature. The father is represented to be seven feet four inches, and the mother six feet eight inches. Of their children, two sons are said to be above seven feet; while their daughters have attained the extraordinary height of seven feet nine inches.

Worthy to bring up the rear of these giants of our own day is Captain Bates, his height being seven feet eight inches. He hails from Kentucky, and has brothers upwards of seven feet in stature. It is worthy of remark that the respective heights of Chang and the just-mentioned gallant captain tally exactly with the dimensions recorded of the Irish giant Magrath at his decease. When but sixteen, Magrath attained a stature of six feet; and is said to have died of what in his case was called old age, only three years late. His skeleton is preserved in the Museum of Trinity College Dublin.

The Emerald Isle has long been famous for producing giants. The most celebrated of these was the well known O'Brian, whom we first hear off as a great raw youth crying in a public house because unable to pay the bill, having been left penniless through a quarrel with his exhibitor. A gentleman taking compassion on him, paid his debt, and advised the young giant to set up on his own account. Acting on this recommendation, O'Brien started a public house in Bristol, long known by the sign of the Giant's Castle. A memorial tablet there records his stature as having been eight feet three inches. Poor O'Brien had to take his walks under cover of darkness, to avoid being mobbed by the curious, and like most big fellows proved himself a simple and inoffensive man; though once he inadvertently terrified a watchman almost to death by lighting his pipe at a street lamp, the sudden appearance of which strange apparition threw the watchman into a fit.

His colossal proportions once saved the giant from being robbed, the highwayman who stopped his carriage riding away in terror at the sight of O'Brien's huge face thrust through the window to see what was the matter.

Of nearly the same proportions was Charles Byrne, who died in London at the age of twenty-two, his death being accelerated by intemperate habits, said to be caused by sorrow at the loss of all his property.

There is an account of another Irish giant, Edward Malone, who is asserted, on good authority, to have been seven feet seven inches in his stockings when he was only nineteen years of age.

England may boast of having produced Thomas Hall, who was over three feet nine inches high when not quite three years old, his growth progressing afterwards at the rate of an inch per month. Before he was three years old, we are told, the calf of his leg was ten inches round; and his weight two years later was upwards of ninety pounds. His strength was in proportion to his size. When less than four years old he is said to have thrown a hammer weighing seventeen pounds a considerable distance. At an early age his voice was like a man's, and when only five years old he had all the bearing of an adult person. In appearance he was serious and sedate, and though not violent or cruel, had little love or fear in his disposition. He died of consumption, and shortly before his decease developed a thick pair of whiskers and beard.

As regards dwarfs, many curiosities have been noted. Old writers were found of relating instances of court dwarfs, when taken into the king's council cutting out all the royal advisers by their shrewd observations and ingenious suggestions. As an example of their combativeness, dwarfs have often in a showman's caravan asserted their mental superiority over the good-natured simple giants in such a manner that the poor bullied monsters actually stood in awe of their fiery little traveling companions. "I have seen some man of very small stature," says an old writer. "Of this number was John, of Mechlen, who was thirty five years of age, had a long beard, and was no more than three feet high. He could not go up stairs, but had to be assisted by a servant. He was skilled in three tongues, and proved himself ingenious and industrious."

Gibson, a page to Charles I., was another curious specimen of diminutive humanity. That must have been an interesting wedding for the spectators, when at the dwarf marriage the ring gave away Anne Shepherd, a bride as small as Gibson himself. The five of their nine children who arrived at maturity were of the usual stature.

A celebrated dwarf wedding was brought about by Peter the Great. All the courtiers were ordered to be present at the marriage of a Lilliputian man and woman, which was conducted with great ceremony, the most curious feature being the enforced attendance of some seventy dwarfs attired in the extreme of fashion, who all meeting reluctantly, apprehensive of ridicule, ended in enjoying themselves heartily with the diversions prepared for them.

Most of us have heard of the Aztec children, a boy and girl who were not three feet high; but a more uncouth mortal was the Welshman Hopkins, who never weighed more than seventeen pounds, and died of gradual decay and old age after living only seventeen years.

Human phenomena of our own day, such as Tom Thumb and his little wife, Commodore Nutt and others, will suggest themselves to the reader.

But there are other curious freaks of nature, serving perhaps more completely as illustrations of her burlesques than those already referred to. Such, without being included in the category either of giants or dwarfs, present some monstrous peculiarities, marked by deformity, superfluity, or incompleteness of corporeal members. An old manuscript records a number of curious monstrosities. These were compiled by a Frenchman, who, judging by his notes and illustrations therein, has carried out what was evidently his hobby with great gusto. This catalogue of curiosities contains, as may be expected, pig-faced ladies, dwarfs, two-headed children, etc., most of which are supposed to have come under the observation of the Frenchman himself.

But there are other monstrous cases recorded. For example: The well-known Siamese Twins, a Spotted Negro, Two Brothers Born Conjoined (a kind of Siamese Twins); children minus arms and legs; a Second Samson; a Frog-faced Child; Wild Men; a Tartar Giant; and many other burlesques of Dame Nature.

A well-known case was that of the man Kingston, of England, who was born without arms or shoulders, yet possessed all the strength and dexterity of the ablest ordinary men. He followed all the usual occupations of a farmer, fed his cattle, cut his hay, and caught and saddled his horse. We are further told how he could lift ten pecks of beans, and throw a sledge-hammer a greater distance than any other man; that he had fought a stout battle and came off victorious; and yet his feet, toes and teeth were his only helps in these various operations; which speaks much for his ingenuity in adapting such inadequate means to such ends.

Many have been instances of men born without hands obtaining a living by playing on the violin. The feet in these cases acquiring all the dexterity of more fortunate people's hands; but it is certainly an odd sight to see such performers calmly taking a handkerchief from the breast-pocket with the toes of one foot, and passing it over the face with apparent ease.

Grains of Gold.

Learn to labor and to wait.

Mystery and innocence are not akin.

Self-love is the greatest of all flatterers.

Worrying will wear the richest life to rags.

The ripest fruit will not fall into your mouth.

Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices.

Better to think and not say than say and not think.

Slight small injuries and they will become none at all.

Pride requires very costly food—its keeper's happiness.

By bestowing blessings upon others, we obtain them ourselves.

Genuine simplicity of heart is a healing and cementing principle.

Weigh thy words in a balance, and make a door and bar for thy mouth.

How can'st thou be a judge of another's heart, who dost not know thy own.

To enjoy a thing exclusively is commonly to exclude yourself from the true enjoyment of it.

Three-fourths of the successful men of the day owe much of their prosperity to a wife's help.

Never condemn your neighbor unheard, however many the accusations preferred against him.

If you have something to attend to go about it coolly and thoughtfully, and do it just as well as you can.

The vine bears three grapes—the first, of pleasure; the second, of drunkenness; the third, of repentance.

Friendly letters should be written because the words spring spontaneously from the heart and not from a sense of duty.

A gift—its kind, value and appearance, and the style in which it reaches you, may decide the dignity or vulgarity of the sender.

The best recipe for going through life in a commendable way is to feel that everybody needs all the kindness they can get from others in the world.

He who freely praises what he means to purchase, and he who enumerates the faults of what he means to sell, may set up a partnership with honesty.

He who learns and make no use of his learning, is a beast of burden, with a load of books. Comprehendeth the ass whether he carries on his back a bundle of fagots?

Men and statues that are admired in an elevated situation, have a very different effect upon us when we approach them; the first appear less than we imagined them, the last bigger.

It is a fault against politeness to praise immoderately, in the presence of those who are singing or playing to you upon an instrument some other person who has these same talents.

Satire is a sort of glass wherein beholders generally discover everybody's face but their own; which is the chief reason for that kind of reception it meets in the world and that so very few are offended with it.

There is philosophy in the remark, that every man has in his own life follies enough; in the performance of his duty, deficiencies enough; in his own mind, trouble enough, without being curious after the affairs of others.

Manners are the shadows of virtues, the momentary display of those qualities which our fellow creatures love and respect. If we strive to become then what we strive to appear, manners may often be rendered useful guides to the performance of our duties.

Femininities.

Nothing is deemed more impolite than to ask a lady her age.

Why is the woman adjusting her false braids like the one whipping her son? She is applying a switch to her hair.

A young physician asking permission of a lass to kiss her, she replied, "No, sir; I never like a doctor's bill stuck in my face."

The wife of ex Governor Swann has the name of being the most gorgeously dressed woman in the Congressional galleries.

An old lady said she never could imagine where all the Smiths came from, until she saw a large sign, "Smith Manufacturing Company."

A fashion writer tells us that it is stylish to wear a knot of ribbon on the shoulder of evening dresses. Then such a dress is knot stylish, we presume.

It takes a woman with a remarkably strong mind to gaze straight at the pulpit and not look around when a new soprano starts up a tune in the rear.

A little boy, whose sisters must have been compelled to make shirts at eight cents each, said he didn't want to be born again for fear he might be born a girl.

An inmate of a Wisconsin jail named Wood, committed for an attempt at burglary, escaped, and the Sheriff's daughter, a young lady of sixteen, is also missing.

An aged parent explained the absence of his daughter by saying she was training to walk. That is, she was practicing on her gate. It is unnecessary to say who the coacher was.

Women are called the "softer sex" because they are so easily humbugged. Out of one hundred girls, ninety-five would prefer ostentation to happiness—a dandy husband to a plod.

How women long for home love and protection only they and God know. Some are compelled to accept a miserable substitute for it, but a true woman never accepts the counterfeit coin.

The new dressmaker's trick of studying Dresden china shepherdesses for models for new gowns is hardly to be commended in the face of the fact that most women do not have yellow hair, opaque blue eyes and a perennial simper.

After her marriage, Mrs. Oakman—nee Bessie Conkling, the daughter of the U. S. Senator—drove with her husband direct to her future home. Their decision to make no bridal tour is almost universally criticised as extremely sensible.

The newest thing in high art, girls, is to paint your brother's clay pipe a delicate sky blue with a cluster of lilies of the valley on the bowl. If you haven't got a brother's clay pipe, some other girl's brother's clay pipe will do as well, or better.

A bachelor who lately died in Manchester, England, left his property to thirty women who had refused his matrimonial offers. He said in his will that to their refusal he owed the peace he had enjoyed during life, and that he felt himself their debtor.

Mrs. Goodman, wife of a workman in a paper mill near Wilmington, surprised her family, when she was seized with a fatal stroke of paralysis the other day, by calling them around her bedside and telling them to dig in a certain corner of the cellar, where they would find $6,000, her patient savings for thirty years.

A young woman who had never learned the gentle art of cookery, being desirous of impressing her husband with her knowledge and diligence, manages to have her kitchen door ajar on the day after their return from the bridal trip, and just as her lord comes in from the office exclaims loudly: "Hurry up, Eliza, do! Haven't you washed the lettuce yet? Here, give it to me; where's the soap?"

An old gentleman, without tact, on meeting some ladies whom he had known as girls in his boyhood, cordially remarked: "Bless me! How times flies! It is fifty-two years come next July since we used to go to school together in the old red school house. I was a little chap then, you remember, and you were fine young women." The old man could never understand why his cordial greeting was received so coldly.

A Detroit husband of a month did not come home at night, and, as this was his first irregularity, his wife sat up until morning, waiting for him. Then, nervous and weak—for she ate no breakfast—she went to his office to look for him. There she was informed that he had been on a drunken trip. She found him at a hotel, recovering from intoxication and professedly repentant. She forgave him, and returned quietly to her home, but soon became a raving maniac, and her disorder is thought to be incurable.

A correspondent of a Cincinnati paper who does not feel bound to admire things because they are fashionable, says: "Decorative art has taken the place in society which ritualism used to hold, and the women who were accustomed to busy themselves with altar cloths and book marks now give their souls up to embroideries that would make the heathen rage, and to the manufacture of monstrosities in silks and satins and worsteds which it is the fashion of the time to contemplate with one eye half shut, saying, 'Now that is what I call art.'"

A sad case of insanity is reported from St. Paul, where an estimable young lady was suddenly taken crazy in church on the morning before her wedding. She was removed from the church and raved wildly, and when she was taken home leaped from a window, and mounting a horse rode madly about the yard for some time before she could be secured. Of course her marriage has had to be abandoned. The cause of her insanity is attributed to the intense opposition which her father made to the marriage, he even going so far as to threaten to shoot her lover in case all other means of prevention failed.

We have figured out a rather ingenious way of ascertaining the size of shoe a lady wears, and we commend it for trial to inquiring young men. Take the number she gives you, multiply it by two, add two, divide by four and add one. The result will be the shoe the lady wears. Our rule has never been known to fail. We have figured it out because we have never heard of a woman who had any infallible knowledge of the sized shoe she wore. Heaven created woman to fib about her age and feet. If the reader finds our mathematical process too intricate, he may add two to the number given by the lady and the result will be the information he seeks.

Hardline.

Marriage is no uneven game. It is a tie.

The highest approbation—Applause from the gallery.

A new boat club style their boat-house Golgotha, the place of scalls.

Burned at the steak—The fingers of the hired girl who was cooking it.

Why is a bullock a very obedient animal? Because he will lie down if you axe him.

The man with a strawberry mark on his right arm can now sell himself for a short time.

A man with large feet always talks about the healthfulness and comfort of a roomy shoe.

"A teacher who will preserve order or break heads," is advertised for by a Kansas School Board.

"Honest industry has brought that man to the scaffold," said a wag as he saw a carpenter upon the staging.

This is the season of the year when venerable hens enter their second childhood, and are broiled for spring chicken.

A young exquisite being asked why he did not enlist, said that he always thought war was best when taken in homeopathic doses.

A man of philosophical temperament resembles a cucumber—for although he may be completely cut up, he still remains cool.

A man saved from drowning a night or two since, in Boston, abused the man who rescued him, because he did not save his hat.

A mule's head does not contain a brain capable of culture and refined rearing, but it is wonderful to what an extent the other end of him can be reared.

"What is the difference between an attempted homicide and a hog butchery? One is an assault with intent to kill, and the other is a kill with intent to salt."

A genius out West has just patented a machine for making sweet potatoes. He is a brother of the old gentleman who put handles on prickly pears and sold them for curry-combs.

Complaint is made in Leadville that the whiskey is nothing but snow water scented with vitrol. When 800 gallons can be drawn from one barrel it is time for even a dairyman to blush.

Eminent counsel—"Yes, gentlemen of the jury, you will—oh I know you will restore my persecuted client to the arms of his wife and little ones, who—" The Court—"Your client is a bachelor."

Johnson says he was one a fishing party, and every time a shark was pulled in, a lawyer, who was in the boat, was thrown into convulsions. Whether this was from sympathy, or not, Johnson can't say.

What's a pawnbroker? A chess-player, who checkmates society with a "pawn." Does he give any entertainment in honor of his business? Yes—three balls. No dinners? None—with him it is "Lent" all the year round.

The jury brings in a verdict of "guilty, with extenuating circumstances," against a man who has cut his twin sister into little bits and the judge promptly sent him up for life. "Ah, my poor sister," says the prisoner, wiping away a tear, "I had not hoped to be able to mourn thy loss so long."

An Irishman, fresh from the old country, saw a turtle for the first time, and at once made up his mind to capture it. The turtle caught him by the finger, and he holding it at arm's length, said, "Faith, and ye had better let loose the howlt ye have, or I'll kick ye out of the very box ye sit in, be jabers.

Extracts from a Young Lady's Letter. "And do you know, Maud and I are quite sure that Captain Popple had taken far too much champagne at the ball, for he took out his watch and looked hard at the back of it and then muttered: "Bleah my shoul! I hadn't any idea it was that time o' night."

Francis I. being desirous to raise one of the most learned men of the time to the highest dignities of the church, asked him if he was of noble descent. "Your Majesty," answered the abbot, "there were three brothers in Noah's ark, but I cannot tell positively from which of them I am descended." He obtained the post.

A heroic young man jumped off a San Francisco ferry boat about a month ago and rescued from drowning the daughter of one of the richest stock operators. The next day the grateful father sent for the hero and presented him with a *point on stocks!* To-day the heroic young man is walking around on his uppers and sleeping on a bench in the Plaza. This is a true story.

A goodly parson complained to an elderly lady of his congregation that her daughter appeared to be wholly taken up with trifles or worldly finery instead of fixing her mind on things above. "You are certainly mistaken, sir," said she. "I know that the girl appears to an observer to be taken up with worldly things, but you cannot judge correctly of the direction her mind really takes as she is a little cross-eyed."

All of one long, happy hour mamma had been reading to the little ones, Sunday afternoon, and talking to them about heaven and the angels, and showing them pictures of angels with their snowy wings. Suddenly Jack shouted, "Mother! When I'm an angel, I want to be a shanghai—" Shocked silence on the part of the family-circle, followed by the explanatory clause by Jack. "Feathers on my legs, you know!" Mother dismissed the little congregation without the usual benediction.

At a little social gathering a duet was being performed by two young ladies to the apparent delight of all the assembled guests. The two executants were doing their utmost to drown each other, and with such good effect that one could scarcely hear the report of a cannon fifty yards off. Everybody was radiant, with the exception of one individual, to whom at length a friend addressed himself—"My dear fellow, what makes you so pensive?" "Ah," was the reply, "I am thinking of the neighbors!"

While Waiting for a Cough to go as it came, you are often laying the foundation for some Pulmonary or Bronchial affection. It is better to get rid of a Cold at once by using that sure remedy Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, which will cure the most stubborn Cough and relieve you of all anxiety as to dangerous consequences.

New Publications.

Appleton's Journal for June opens with a second paper by Mr. Appleton Morgan, on what he calls The Shakespearean Myth. The Literature of the Victorian Reign is the title given to a chapter from Justin McCarthy's just published History of our Own Time. The concluding chapter of Froude's Cæsar, which gives an admirable summary of the character of the great Roman, is also printed. There is a translation of a recent brilliant paper on Las Casas, by Castelar. There is a paper entitled Some Aspects of the Present French Republic, which is of moment; and an article which, under the title of Chinese Fans, gives some very curious and interesting information. The fiction consists of The Seamy Side, the new novel by Messrs. Besant and Rice; and a short story, The Reaction of Genius, by W. M. Baker, author of The Virginians in Texas. The editor discusses Imitation in Art, Realism in Literature, L'Assommoir, and its Moral, and presents in this department some reminiscences, by General Maury, of the late General Taylor. There is a full department of book reviews.

The June number of the North American Review opens with a literary curiosity in the shape of a hitherto unpublished poem by Voltaire. A metrical translation accompanies the original French text. General Garfield follows with a paper on National Appropriations and Misappropriations. The next article is entitled The Stagnation of Trade and Its Cause, by Professor Bonamy Price. Harriet Beecher Stowe follows with a paper on The Education of Freedmen. Secret Missions to San Domingo is the title of an article by Admiral D. D. Porter. The Sacred Books of the East is by the illustrious philologist, Prof. Max Muller. The symposium on Law and Design in Nature is concluded by Professor Simon Newcomb in a contribution entitled Evolution and Theology. Henry V. Poor's article is on the Pacific Railroad. The most important publications of recent date are reviewed by Mr. Mayo Hazeltine, and the number concludes with an open letter from the Right Honorable John Bright to the Editor, dealing with the serious question of a return by England to the old doctrine of Protection.

The Abbe's Temptation; or, La Faute De L'Abbe Mouret, a love story, by Emile Zola, author of L'Assommoir, translated from the French by John Stirling, published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers. One of the most noted literary editors in New York, writing to the translator, says: "It is the sweetest love story I ever read. In his own hard, unflinching style Zola dissects the vices of the peasantry, but when he depicts the innocent love and purity of the unhappy Abbe, as he wanders through the tangled paths of Paradou, one can scarcely believe that he who wrote L'Assommoir, can be the author of this sweet, pathetic and charming story." It is published in a large square duodecima volume, paper cover, price 75cts. For sale by all booksellers and book agents.

Messrs. Estes & Lauriet, the Boston publishers, announce their intention to publish what is really a long felt want for an American art journal of high class, both as regards illustrations and reading matter. The title of the new monthly will be the American Art Review—a journal devoted to the practice, theory, history, and archæology of art. The managing editor will be S. R. Koehler, and the associate editors William C. Prime, LL. D., of N. Y., and Charles C. Perkins, A. M., of Boston. The list of contributors, who will sign their articles, is a large one, and embraces the names of nearly all the well known writers on art in this country. Among them we note S. G. W. Benjamin, L. P. di Cesnola, C. F. Clement, Clarence Cook, W. Mackay Laffan, G. P. Lathrop, W. J. Linton, Charles G. Loring, Professor Charles E. Norton, Major J. W. Powell, Professor F. W. Putnam, Edward Strahn, Professor Russell Sturgis and Professor William R. Ware.

The magazine "will embrace the art of our time as well as of the past, in all its branches and in all countries, and will give special attention to the history and archæology of art in America." Besides the work of American contributors selections will be given from European publications. The illustrations will consist of etchings, engravings, heliogravures, wood cuts and photo-engravings—a feature being the American etchings. Each number will, in addition to American work contain at least one etching by a well-known foreign hand.

The current number of the Westminster Review republished by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., of New York, contains the following: The Federation of the English Empire, The Relation of the Sexes, The Reorganizer of Modern Germany, Polish Literature, Our South American Colonies, The Imperial policy of Great Britain, The Early Evangelical Leaders, Independent Section, Illusion and Delusion, The Writings of Chas. Bray, India and Our Colonial Empire, Contemporary Literature, Theology, Philosophy, Politics, Sociology, Voyages Travels, Science, History, Biography, Belles Lettres, Miscellaneous. For sale by W. H. Zeiber.

NEW MUSIC.

The June number of the Folio contains a portrait of Arthur Sullivan, the author of Pinafore. The music selections are the following: Ralph's song from the Pinafore, Farewell my Own, Peace Be Within Thy Walls, (sacred); Shepherd's song, Teach Me to Forget, Things are Seldom What They Seem from the Pinafore; Curfew Bells and Sparkling Waves Galop. Published by White, Smith & Co., of Boston. The same firm send us La Gondola, a barcarole for the piano by T. P. Ryner. Curfew Bells, melodic elegante, for the piano by Alfred W. Sweet.

From S. T. Gordon, of New York, we have My Pretty Little Dutch Rose, song and dance, by George Cooper and Harry Sawyer. Grand Potpourri from the Pinafore for the piano by W. A. Pullman. Social Party Galop by Otto Basko.

White, Smith & Co., of Boston, have published The Universal Quadrille and Glee Book for Male Voices, which will be found very complete and well arranged.

The Midnight Mission in London reports that during the last year 12 000 poor women were advised with in the streets, ninety-two were admitted to the night refuges, sixty more applied for admission, thirty-four were sent to homes, and twenty-six "otherwise disposed of, sent to friends," etc.

There are off the coast of Kerry, Ireland, little islands called the Blaskets, inhabited by a very poor and primitive population, whose nearest church is on the shore of the main land. On stormy Sundays they cannot cross to "hear mass," but they kneel by their rocky coast bareheaded in the open air; the progress of the ceremony is made known to them by flags, and their prayers accompany those of the priest.

News Notes.

Tennyson got $1,750 for his poem "Defence of Lucknow."

The Prince Imperial is keeping a diary which he hopes will some day be of historical interest.

Black typhus is said to have been introduced at Uster, Zurich, by tropical birds sent alive to that place in a cage from Buda-Pesth.

Mr. Millais' picture "The Order of Release," was sold recently in London for $14,175. He painted it twenty-five years ago for $1,000.

The use of telegraph wires for messages from one part of Paris to another ceased on the 1st of May. Pneumatic tubes are in operation.

A Lutheran clergyman has figured out that, according to the measurement in the Apocalypse, Heaven will be 1,500 miles long, broad and deep.

Gen. Grant's departure from Lucknow was exceedingly stately. A long line of big elephants were stationed along the railroad track near the station.

Senator Vest, of Missouri, wants the capital of that State removed from Jefferson City to Sedalia, his home, and there seems to be but little opposition to the project.

A drouth prevails in the island of Cyprus. The crops are drying up. There is a great mortality among the cattle, and peasants have begun to eat the nauseous dog root in lieu of bread.

Dom Pedro packed his contribution to the Washington Monument in fine Brazilian wood. Now the wood, made into a model of the monument as it is planned, has been returned to him.

The Mayor of Birmingham, Mass., at his own expense, is giving a series of free concerts at the town hall, the first of which was attended by 3 000 workingmen, their wives and their children.

Ceresin, a mixture of refined earth wax and carnauba wax, is frequently employed to the extent of 33 to 50 per cent. to adulterate beeswax. As pure beeswax is lighter than the spurious article, detection is easy.

Lazy and dull feelings are sure precursors of sickness, which nothing but Hop Bitters will banish.

It is asserted that the sudden death of the Grand Duke Constantinowich was the result of poisoning and followed close on the discovery that his Highness was a Nihilist—that, in fact, he was put out of the way from motives of political security.

Mr. Woodbridge, of Hillsboro, Texas, went into a drug store, drew a revolver, compelled a clerk to give him some strychnine, said that he would shoot anybody who tried to prevent his suicide, took the poison, and died with the cocked weapon in his hands.

Complexional Indications.

The complexion of persons whose digestion is out of order, who are bilious, or who lack vigor, always exhibits an unhealthy tint. It is by regulating the bodily organs and promoting digestion and assimilation, that the parchment hue indicative of ill health, is banished from the cheeks. To rectify the fault of a sallow complexion, use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, an invigorant and alterative which removes those obstacles to renewed strength, physical comfort and personal attractiveness—an imperfect digestion and secretion, and a disordered condition of the bowels. Persistance in the use of this inestimable corrective and tonic will assuredly result in renewed physical regularity and vigor, will tend to increase bodily substance, and cause the glow and clear color of health to return to the sallow, wasted cheek.

Healing by Surface Remedies.

The true way to cure by absorption is through the bath. Many learned men have sought for a perfect lotion and utterly failed after years of study. A brief mention of the discovery of a chemically combined "lotion" will convey to readers some idea of the theory and practice of cure by absorption. A preparation was discovered by a physician who for years suffered with inflammatory rheumatism, and who conceived the idea that the cure must be made through the pores. To prepare the pores for action, by cleansing, was first to be accomplished. Second, healing and strengthening ingredients, to be discovered. Thirdly, to combine the whole so that the action should be immediate. After a careful study of different chemical preparations from the production of nature, and with the assistance of one of the first chemists in the country, a "lotion" was prepared and used in baths of warm water, resulting in a perfect and permanent cure. Each ingredient of which their "lotion" is composed, is used in daily practice by physicians of all schools.

In combination this lotion is known to the public as "Sapanule," and the experience of years proves its great value, whether it be in cases of acute inflammation, or in those more subtle, like chronic complaints. Thousands who daily use it pronounce it marvellous, so quickly does it allay pain and restore health and vigor, so different from deluging the stomach with drugs.

The great virtue of "Sapanule" is not confined to the immediate relief of pain in any part of the living organism, but is efficacious in curing all diseases of the skin, eruptive or otherwise. The great usefulness and the luxury of Oriental baths has been fully established. The time and expense necessary to enjoy these, places them beyond the reach of many. A bottle of "Sapanule" can be used for a number of baths, and will be found as agreeable and efficacious as those given with such elaborate appliances, and is within the reach of all.

Those who suffer from pain or soreness of feet, whether caused by bunions, chilblains, corns, or inflammatory troubles can be at once relieved and permanently cured by using "Sapanule" in foot baths.

No preparation ever offered to the public for all diseases and accidents to which the living organism is liable, such as rheumatism neuralgia, lumbago, backache, headache, wounds, bruises, sprains, burns or scalds, piles, boils, sores, salt rheum, erysipelas roughness of skin, cold sores, etc., is so sure to effect a quick and permanent cure.

Doctor's Bills

Saved by using M'Clelland's Homeopathic Remedies. They are prepared expressly for Families. Put up in neat one dollar cases and contains twelve (12) of the most prominent medicines with description of disease and full directions for use. We want an agent in every town and county to sell our remedies. Sample case with terms to agents sent, charges paid, for one dollar. Address MCCLELLAND & CO.

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A CARD.—To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of vitality, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, New York City.*

DR. C. W. BENSON'S Celery and Chamomile Pills are prepared expressly to cure Sick Headache, Nervous Headache, Dyspeptic Headache, Neuralgia, Nervousness and sleeplessness, and will cure any case. Price 50 cts.; postage free. Sold by all druggists. Office 106 N. Eutaw st., Baltimore, Md.

Why be sick and ailing when Hop Bitters will surely cure you?

When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

CURE BY ABSORPTION

We do not care to ask readers to act contrary to their judgment as to what is good for them, but when you think you have sufficiently taxed your stomach by pouring into it nauseous drugs, turn your attention to that GREAT EXTERNAL REMEDY,

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Get a bottle and test its marvellous power. It reaches every part of the organism, cleansing away all obstructions, drawing inflamed and impoverished blood from weak and diseased parts to the surface, and by absorption returning the life-current purified to sustain and strengthen. Inflammation cannot live where SAPANULE is applied. It is a certain and prompt cure for RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, LUMBAGO or BACKACHE, and HEADACHE. No preparation ever offered to the public is so prompt and sure in Curing and Healing all accidents to the living organism. Wounds, Bruises, Sprains, Sores, new or old; Chilblains, Cold Sores, Boils, Piles of all kinds, Burns and Scalds, Bleeding and all accidents, and diseases of the Head, Body or Feet, "SAPANULE" at once relieves and cures. Try it, and if not satisfied to call for your money and get it.

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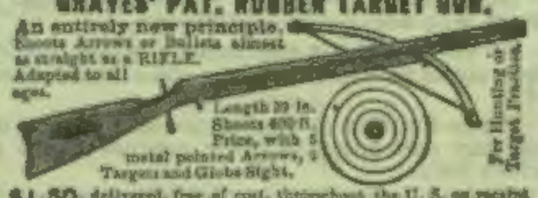
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The Triumph of Art!

A POEM

FOUNDED ON FACT!

THE TRIUMPH OF ART.

CANTO I.

Miss JONES, like most homely girls,
Rejoiced in a green vail and curls,
Which, streaming down her back, began
To show she thought of a young man—
And, like most homely girls, she was
Mighty susceptible—that's pos,
For I've found it first of truths,
That girls unsought, run after youths,
While pretty girls are very vain,
And like to give their lovers pain.
Now Julia, such our heroine's name,
Was homely—hair as red as flame,
Her skin was freckled, full of pimples,
Although she could not boast of dimples—
Superfluous hair would start, also,
Upon her lip, and there would grow,
While her fair lips were white as snow
Her teeth were brown, her forehead yellow,
Tinged with a most unwholesome pallor—
In point of fact, despite her cash,
She found no gentleman so rash
As pop the question; tho' 'tis said
She was quite dying to be wed,
And long had given her virgin truth
To Charles de Smythe, a stylish youth,
Who turned on her the frigid shoulder,
And visible to each beholder;
Although he'd only boots and collars,
While she had got a million dollars.

CANTO II.

One night, the poor disconsolate
Young heiress in her *boudoir* sate,
And to her lady's maid she said,
"Would I were beautiful or dead!"
"Why so?" asked Jenny—"Don't you see,
De Smythe won't fall in love with me?
What's gold to me? what's jewels—what
The splendid mansion I have got?
With half my wealth I'd gladly part,
If I could win my Alfred's heart?"
"Give me a thousand dollars, Miss,
And you shall have t—at much prized bliss!"

"One thousand! Jenny," Julia said,
"I'll double that the day we're wed!"
"'Tis done!" exclaimed the lady's maid,
"And don't go back from what you've said!"
The heiress swore by that divine,
And mystic symbol, crinoline.
"First," said the maid, "you must not gaze
Upon your mirror for seven days!
I know two well what pain 'twill be;"
"Pain," sobbed the heiress, "agony!"

CANTO III.

That night, the magic rites begin—
First, Jenny bathes her lady's skin
With a mysterious compound, which
Made her complexion white and rich,
Freckles and pimples fade away
Like darkness, at the smile of day.
Her cheeks and lips outvie the rose—
Superfluous hair no longer grows;
Instead of locks so harsh and red,
Long raven tresses grace her head—
Her brow as Parian mantle white,
Unwrinkled, glads the gazer's sight;
Her straggling eyebrows, circling, meet,
Not Cupid's bow is more complete;
And from their perfect arches dart
Arrows which reach the coldest heart.
In short, she was a perfect goddess
Enshrined within a Yankee boddice!

CANTO IV.

Six days the magic rites proce
At length's complete the wondrous deed—
Then in a gorgeous dress arrayed,
Her form is in the glass displayed.
The heiress shrieks—"Who's dared to deck
My jewels round that snowy neck?
What beauteous dame is that I see?
Why, goodness gracious, 'tisn't me!
What raven tresses—glossy—sleek—
And what a rose-blush on that cheek!
And such a skin! as white as snow—
And then those lips like rubies glow!
How was it done?" fair Julia cries,
"I'll tell you how," her maid replies.
"That peerless skin's bright snowy gleam,
You owe to ORIENTAL CREAM;
Those tresses, charming to the eye,
Were made so by that MATCHLESS DYE—
That unstained brow no more shall feel
A hair, thanks to POUDRE SUBTILE.
And LIQUID ROUGE has made thy cheek
Like roses blush, as tho' to speak—
While that mysterious LILY WHITE
Has made thy neck and shoulders bright—
And not a charm will dare to slope,
If you'd use MEDICATED SOAP!"
The heiress says, in glad surprise,
As though she could not trust her eyes,
"What blessed fairy is it brings
To mortals here, these magic things!"
"But who's the fairy that supplies
The charms to skin, cheeks, lips and eyes?"
"No fairy 'twas, nor goblin gay,
It was GOURAUD of famed Broadway!"

CANTO V.

That night fair Julia was seen,
Bejeweled like an Eastern Queen,
Listening to fat Parepa-Rosa,
Who's just become a *cara sposa*,
And every man who saw her sighed
The beauteous girl was not his bride;
De Grand was the e—that languid swell,
In love with her that instant fell;
He little knew that it was she,
Who'd been so very fond of "he,"
For who could really in her t ace
The carrot locks and freckled face?
He thought her some new Boston belle,
Since none in York her name could tell;
So home he went to dream and swear
That never was a girl so fair;
Next day he loitered down Broadway,
Pale, melancholy, sad, *distrait*,
When all at once, oh, blissful sight,
He saw his goddess of last night.
"'Tis now, or never," Alfred cried;
"I swow that gal shall be my bride!
And though the day is very hot,
I'll pop the question on the spot."
He rushed across, he told his tale,
The lady first turned red and pale,
Then pale and red, then both together,
And said, "This is quite sultry weather—
Sir, I can scarcely understand
Your meaning, Mister Alf De Grand—
I thought you were Miss Jones' beau."
Said he, "My name you seem to know;
As for the gal you Jonesie call,
I never cared for her at all."
"Well, said his unknown beauty, "sir,
If you love me, and don't love her,
Meet me to-morrow on this spot,
And then, perhaps, I'll change my lot!"
To close this story, let me say,
The pair were married yesterday,
And sent, for darling Cupid's sake,
Gouraud a mighty slice of cake.

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION NOTES.

SILK and woolen fabrics are more varied than ever, but the kind preferred is Pekin with stripes of satin, plain or brocaded with little colored flowers. Stripes will be very general, either camaieu or shaded in faint Louis XVI. tints; plain materials are combined with Pekin, satin or moire. The two opposite styles of the Louis XVI. and Directoire periods are both in equal vogue, so that ladies may either imitate the toilettes worn by Marie Antoinette, or those of Mesdames les Merveilleuses, a few years later.

Paniers, whether for walking or evening toilette, are decidedly becoming popular and are very pretty in all the different styles, for there is great variety even in these, and we have the Soubrette, the Camargo, and Marie Antoinette paniers.

During the Spring and Summer Pompadour materials will take the lead; the little bouquets which are the characteristic of this style are printed on a Chaly ground, embroidered in silk on fancy woolen materials, and brocaded on soft silk in delicately blended tints.

One of the novelties of the season is undoubtedly the reappearance of the shade known as "grosellie" now much employed by couturieres; in addition to this some new shades are chaudron gray, military blue and red, gorge de pigeon and puce.

The walking costumes are extremely pretty and stylish, but I have only space to describe a few of them.

A dress with which I was very much pleased was of peacock blue cashmere combined with dead-leaf faille, and trimmed with ribbon bows in the two shades; this, and all the costumes intended for out-door wear, had a short skirt, and are altogether of a practical, although stylish character.

A lovely walking costume is of soft, velvety Indian mousseline de laine in hanneton color, the bright brown of a cockchafer, combined with satin to match, the satin being used to line the deep kilting at the back, to mingle with the draping of the tablier, and to form a rosette where the tablier is draped at the back. The bodice is made with long basques and a small waistcoat of satin deeper than the jacket. The opening at the neck is ornamented with a wide revers of satin embroidered by hand with little flowers in bright colors; a band of similar embroidered satin edges the basques, and the revers of the sleeves are also made of it.

More expensive and dressy toilettes are of faille with trimmings of the striped materials generally known as Pekin, in two contrasting shades, or in one plain shade and Pompadour stripes alternately. The pretty foulards with chintz like patterns make most charming dresses for young ladies, combined with plain foulard or faille, and trimmed with Breton lace. The dresses I have mentioned are by no means expensive.

Grenadine and gauze costumes are made upon silk foundations, which gives great lightness, and is very pleasant wear. The silk employed is a soft glace, inexpensive, and most durable.

India silk costumes are made with waistcoats and trimmings of Pompadour foulard, which blend beautifully together.

One elegant costume had the panier corded with Pompadour foulard, and was finished by Breton lace, finely pleated. This lace pleating was repeated on all the outlines, revers, etc.

The dresses for middle-aged ladies follow the prevailing mode of paniers, but are composed of more serious and sober-looking materials even when gauze and grenadine are employed.

The modistes are making pretty seal-brown cambric costumes with short kilted skirts, and the new tunics called "Laveuse de Vaisselle," trimming them with wide ecru batiste insertion, embroidered with white, and with flots, bows of caroubier straw, and dark blue ribbons; casaquin bodices to match.

The prettiest ball dresses that have been made recently are of white gauze, over white silk, and of white barege and white Indian muslin over the same. They are trimmed like a baby's christening robe, with a profusion of plaited Mechlin lace arranged en tablier, the bodice a la vierge, with a flower on the shoulder.

Wreaths and bouquets of violets are used in great quantities in ornamenting ball toilettes, garlands of violets ornament the dress from the waist to the hem, they bloom on the corsage, and are fashioned into bretelles; they harmonize with almost every color but are perhaps seen to greatest advantage on a pale pink toilette.

The new material for black mantles is Bengaline, which is soft, lustrous, pliable, and drapes beautifully; its peculiar shade of black is also excellent. Another new fabric is satin de Lyon, which has the smoothness and almost the lustre of satin on one side, while the reverse side looks like closely woven grosgrain. These and moire, Sicilienne, and satin are the general materials this season for mantles. Later on cardinal capes, made of netted work and rich jet fringes, are likely to be very much worn. For intermediate mantles China crepe is selected, and trimmed with fringe tied in the hem as on Canton shawls, or else with fringes of fine jet beads with netted heading. Many costly mantles of questionable taste are ornamented with colored beads of amber, old gold, steel, and coral red formed into showy passementerie. The flobus in preparation for warm weather are endless; they are all made with short capes at the back, but otherwise they vary considerably. They are usually trimmed with the glossy tape and other crimped fringes, and with the grass fringes doubled over from the top without a heading; if lace is used three rows of graduated width are mounted on to black net, which is sewn to the edge of the fichu. Black satin sleeveless jackets of short jaunty cut, draped on the shoulders with a China crepe scarf, are new. Tan or cream-colored cashmere or cloth jackets are trimmed with Pekin fabrics or with plaited satin introduced down the front and back as a plastron.

Shot or changeable ribbons, sometimes called glace are the newest for strings. There are blue ribbons shot with gold, red shot with green, pink with blue, old gold with brown, etc., they match the new shot silk costumes, and so do the Pompadour straw bonnets, composed of alternate rows of white straw and straws in which there is a combination of colors, and called "mixed." Black straw bonnets are much trimmed with peony red flowers and with bows of satin ribbon in which there are two strong contrasts, such as gendarme blue and bright red—shells of white Breton lace tone these trimmings down somewhat. The new white satin Directoire bonnets are embroidered with seed pearls, and the newest floral bonnets are made on a foundation of gathered Indian muslin, or crepe lisse, which is covered with lilies of the valley, rosebuds and transparent crepe foliage, green moss and a mammoth rose, etc.

Feathers are of natural undyed tints, and flowers exactly copied from nature in natural shades. The introduction of crape flowers, and crape foliage, has added to the beauty of the flower-makers work. Wreaths of leaves look as if just picked and placed on the bonnets, so natural is their appearance. The favorite flower is the forget-me-not, which is mingled with mignonette, both of natural size, and also very large size silken ribbon tufts, and with laurestinus, cowslips, primroses, violets, jonquils, and narcissus. Yellow flowers are much worn, and this color, almost prohibited of late years, is on black chapeaux the reigning diet.

Jonquils are mixed with violets, both Parmese and the ordinary blue violet. Roses are either China roses, or yellow tea roses; the white lilac is another favorite flower; in fact all spring flowers are in good taste.

Tulle point d'esprit is much employed in veiling the small wreaths of flowers which are placed on the summit of the chapeaux; at the sides the tulle is fixed by slender brooches of crystal or steel, and forms long strings, which are very becoming to the face. Great quantities of fringes are used for bonnets, satin pearls for white chapeaux, finely cut jet fringes for black fanchons, and straw grelot fringe for colored bonnets. Chenille fringe of all colors is tipped with straw or jet grelots, and bead fringes of all shades are employed with good effect.

Among minor novelties I may note the butterfly bow for the hair made of Indian muslin and Breton lace; the new small or mask veils, made in both black and white Breton lace, the net covering the face studded with groups of tiny dots, and the edge finished with lace two inches wide. Longer and larger veils are made of black net, dotted with gold thread. New cambric pocket handkerchiefs have a cross formed of Breton insertion through the centre, then continued round it as a border, finished with an ending of Breton lace. White lace fichus are trimmed with lace and insertion, in which Breton designs are darned in with colors; they are fastened at the waist with buttercups or cowslips.

Fireside Chat.

USEFUL HINTS FOR HOME FIRESIDES.

IN many houses there are wide seats to bedroom windows. These may be utilized by being covered with cushions, either of crash, bege, or serge, which may be worked over with fleur de lis, or some Greek designs. Generally there hangs from these cushions in front a valance, which can be converted into a shoe bag, a box-plait of the material being placed at regular intervals on the valance, each plait large enough to hold a pair of shoes, and each displaying either a monogram, or a convential flower. It is certainly a pretty and useful contrivance.

Paper flowers are made so naturally, that they are adapted now to the flower boxes, which in many drawing rooms form the base of huge pier-glasses, reaching from the ceiling, and so expensive to keep furnished with real blooms throughout the winter. The foliage plants are real, and the flowers are wired on to them.

Music rolls are now made in the ordinary shape, viz., 14 inches long, 17 inches deep, with a pocket 3 inches deep just to slip the music in; but the novelty is that the material used is crash, serge, or flannel, embroidered in outline with neutral tints, the design classical figures of men and women typical of music, or St. Cecilia at the organ; cardboard rings covered with the same materials, in form like a table-napkin ring, only larger, viz., 10 inches in circumference and 2½ inches in depth; the word "Music" in old English letters, and the owner's monogram, the edges of the ring finished off with cord.

Classical figures are much in favor with art needle-workers, and they are being artistically adapted to the large shield shaped banner screens on wooden stands which the prevailing mania for Queen Anne and Georgian furniture was banishing from our drawing-rooms. Some are in velvet worked with arrasene, and the result is most effective.

A word as to trimmings for summer dresses, which nimble fingers might work with great advantage just now. White sateen, duck, and heavy washing materials are to be worn; and these look best with embroidery worked in cotton, either all white or black, or red, or blue. Many of these are in preparation. The patterns chosen are those formerly used for satin-stitch embroidery, greatly enlarged, and then worked with the cotton in ordinary crewel stitch. This is the style of work that was in fashion about eighty years ago, and on clear muslin also is very effective. Some are in light blue sateen with a robing of clear white muslin worked in thick cotton up the centre of the skirt, the fulness being gathered to it on each side, and forming a drapery at each side. This same embroidery has been used on the Breton waistcoat pockets and cuffs of a long-basqued jacket, and it looks uncommonly handsome. So does a red scroll on a white duck dress, made with paniers and a Princesse train. Colored wool embroidery on clear white muslin is most effective, and many dresses will be trimmed with strips of this lined and piped with silk.

A maize silk was draped with maize muslin, the trimmings a scroll of poppies, corn, and leaves worked on strips of the maize muslin, lined with silk and piped with red and maize, a tuft of poppies and wheatears nestling in the lace cravat and in the soft silk and muslin trimmed straw cottage bonnet.

Some old styles have also been revived, such as an appliqué of plain or colored muslin on net in large bold patterns, edged with a thick cord, which is sewn over, or overcast and not buttonholed; the net foundation is visible between the pattern, and the heart of the flowers is produced by darning in check patterns on the net.

This sort of work is pretty with the design in thick muslin on a thin muslin foundation.

Easels are so general in drawing rooms where engravings and water-colors accumulate, that it is the fashion to cover old ones with velvet, adding ornamental silk tassels to the top and to the lowest of the set of holes which support the ledge. The covering is not difficult to manage. The velvet requires tacking first, and then sewing, where the stitches will be most invisible, with fine but strong black thread.

Where the holes are, cut the circle in four, saturate the inside of the velvet with strong gum, and press the pieces well down with the wooden pin.

Squares of guipure d'art can be converted into white mats for the dressing table or elsewhere by laying them on to cardboard covered with silk, and edging them with cord or a ruching, fastening bows of the ribbon at the corners; another would cover the pincushion, and small ones on quilted satin would make a pretty bag for hanging on the bed to hold watch, handkerchief, &c.

By the bye, if you are in want of a new idea for window curtains, try working a border of flowers in colored crewel wools on white or, better still, on ecru muslin; draw the pattern on thick paper, color it, and lay it beneath the muslin; work it slightly and quickly, do not drag it, and you will be rewarded for your pains.

For the same purposes there are designs roughly darned in colored wool, such as caladium leaves, bulrushes and leaves, birds, etc.

Many people bestow particular pains on the lower portion of muslin curtains, which have a dado like border. For this purpose the wool embroidery is specially to be commended.

Common porter bottles are made into odd-looking vases of flowers by washing and covering them with scrap pictures, adding narrow strips of gold paper round the top and base, the whole covered with a coat of varnish. Ivy, drooping ferns, or grasses are then planted in them, so that the pictures form the background to the greenery.

From salad-oil bottles remove the straw work, and then cover with two coats of black paint, on which paste scrap pictures of roses and butterflies, varnish well, and tie bows of ribbon round the neck.

Common flower pots may be covered with black silhouettes, then varnish, and suspend by cords when flowers are planted in them.

Old presses and cabinets can be converted into picturesque pieces of furniture, by covering the panels with a similar gilt leather, painted with branches of pomegranates and other fruits.

Figures admirably sketched on thick paper or parchment are adapted to the same purpose, but they look better worked in outline on crash, and adapted to the same purpose.

The tops of small cabinets are covered with a mat of velvet bordered with tassels, the velvet worked in a running design with gold cord and silk.

Raised flowers on velvet are also much introduced; these are worked in silk over a foundation of cotton wool.

"I am struck with one thing in connection with colonial farmers," writes an Australian correspondent, "their appearance of being (amid plenty) dreadfully poor and overworked. It is the exception to find one who would compare, in appearance at least of general comfort, with the average British farmer."

The young lady who will possibly become the second wife of the King of Spain is the Archduchess Marie Christine Desiree Henriette Felicite Raniere, the only daughter of the late Archduke Charles Ferdinand of Austria. She is in her twenty-first year, and is a few months younger than the King.

Judge Baxter, of Tennessee, has decided a suit in which a tract of land covering 600 square miles in Overton, Fentress, Putnam, and Cumberland is involved. The possessors have held the property through forged deeds, and the property is returned to Dr. Abram Litton, of St. Louis.

When starch is added to milk by fraudulent dealers, the fact can be thus determined: A sample is coagulated with a few drops of acetic acid, heated to boiling, and filtered. A solution of iodine is poured into the clear whey, which instantly develops a blue cloud if starch is present.

A Boston wife slyly attached a pedometer to her husband when, after supper, he started to "go down to the office and balance the books." On his return fifteen miles of walking were recorded. He had been stepping around a billiard table all the evening.

Rev. Dr. Porter, a native of Greene county, Alabama, was found dead on the roadside near Alto, Texas, a short time ago with the bridle rein clinched in his hand and his horse standing by him. He was on his way to the Presbytery.

New wraps of black Bengaline are a mere shoulder cape, but are pleated slightly in the back to a broad piece covered with jet embroidery, and the fronts lap on the shoulders. This is edged with very deep crimped fringe with jet in it.

A couple of days before the Duchess of Edinburgh nearly lost her father by assassination a mischance almost deprived her of one of her children to whom a nurse had given a draught of noxious lotion instead of some medicine.

Miss Virginia French, a young lady of New Orleans, wrote such a pretty poem for the *Picayune* some years ago that a young Tennessean fell in love with it and her, went to New Orleans, and before long made her his wife.

Answers to Inquirers.

E. H., (Columbus, Ohio.)—Lavender water and eau de cologne are always considered nice scents for handkerchiefs.

Gus, (Indianapolis, Ind.)—Your handwriting is very loose and careless, and requires a great deal of improvement.

L. W., (Phila., Pa.)—Get your parents or friends to speak to the young gentleman, and ascertain definitely what his intentions are.

Rosie, (Kawkawlin, Mich.)—A little citrate magnesia, twice or thrice a week, makes an excellent summer beverage, and clears the complexion.

S. O., (Phila., Pa.)—A cloud sometimes comes down upon the earth, and we then call it a "fog." Clouds, on the other hand, may be a great many miles high.

Maud M., (Carroll, N. W.)—Not knowing what facilities you have, or the circle you move in, we are unable to give you any particular suggestions on the subject.

Zoo, (Summit City, Pa.)—The genet is an animal of the weasel tribe, easily tamed, gentle, and notable for its fine fur. It is used in Constantinople as the cat is with us.

Lothair, (Buchanan, Va.)—There is no law of the land against a man marrying his deceased wife's sister, though some religious sects prohibit anything of that kind.

Balfour, (Lansdale, Pa.)—The last was hardly up to the mark for publication, which will account for its non-appearance. The same may be said of the poem. Try again.

Front, (Phila., Pa.)—Brazil exports coffee, indigo, sugar, rice, hides, dried meats, tallow, gold, diamonds and other stones, gums, mahogany and India rubber.

Marked, (Harrison, Mo.)—Purple signifies remorse. The gentleman meant to convey, in a decided manner, perhaps, that you would regret treating him with indifference.

E. R., (Blanco, Tex.)—A young lady may prudently marry before she is one-and-twenty (at eighteen, for instance), provided it is with her parents consent, and the match is an eligible one.

Campbell, (Galila, O.)—A coupon is an interest certificate attached to a bond, to be cut off when due. To demonetize is to take from a coin by legislation its legal-tender quality or function.

A. M., (Phila., Pa.)—There would seem to be only this particular rule in regard to the order in which a family usually take their seats in a pew, that the father generally sits next to the door, or entrance.

Mother, (Shasta, Cal.)—We are not acquainted with any book that can give a veritable cure for stammering. In young people it is most frequently connected with nervousness, and wears all off in the course of time.

A. A., (Grant, Ky.)—You and the young man are not too young to keep company, but too young to be engaged, as it is not at all improbable that before you are old enough to enter the marriage state you may change your mind.

J. M. F., (London Bridge, Va.)—We do not know whether the gentleman still practices here, but we think not. At all events, he is not prominently before the public. He was formerly regarded as a man of superior professional ability.

Agatha, (Brownville, O.)—The four pieces would perhaps cost you two dollars. It is against our rule to give the names of such establishments in this column, but if you forward an addressed postal card, we will inform you where they may be procured.

M. T., (Bishop's Head, Ind.)—The paper, we believe, is not published, and you may consider the cash sent as irrecoverably lost. We have repeatedly cautioned our readers against having anything to do with any except papers of standing and reputation.

Eddie, (Coos, N. H.)—New Hampshire was named by John Mason, in 1629 (who with another obtained the grant from the crown,) from Hampshire county in England. The former name of the domain was Laconia.

Vernon, (Berkshire, Mass.)—Gin or spirits of wine rubbed into the skin with the fingers will remove the black specks which fill up the pores. A Turkish bath tends greatly to open the pores and clear the skin, but it should not be taken without first consulting a medical man.

F. W., (Delaware, Iowa.)—The unpleasant symptoms in your case arise from an undue determination of blood to the head, and must be treated by a regular and proper course of medicine. You smoke a great deal too much, and you will never get thoroughly well till you have lessened the quantity of tobacco you use.

Sufferer, (Fox du Lac, Wis.)—If you refer to what is commonly called "cold in the head," with sneezing and the usual symptoms, a good perspiration will generally prove healthful; and this may be secured either by drinking largely of cold water and taking a brisk walk, or by a bath and lying in wraps at night.

Ina, (Ulster, Ill.)—It would be wiser and incomparably more dignified to return the letters and forget the business. Every man must judge for himself, but the less said about these matters, and the less done in them, as a rule, the better for all concerned. Leave retribution to old Father Time, who is wont to be sufficiently hard on his wilful children.

Pussy, (Harrisburg, Pa.)—The call should be returned in the course of a fortnight; if possible, the bridegroom should accompany the bride; if not, one of her bridesmaids or some intimate lady friend, but is is not considered a breach of etiquette for the bride to pay visits by herself. If you do not care to be on visiting terms with them, do not return their call.

Chronicle, (Sullivan, Mo.)—The battle of Rocky Mount was fought on July 30, 1780. General Sumpter, of the American army, attacked a British post at Rocky Mount, which is on the Catawba river, in South Carolina. The skirmish was severe, and Sumpter was repulsed. He lost three men killed, and ten wounded. The British lost ten killed, and the same number wounded.

Gallnew, (Fort Clark, Texas.)—Broad street in this city is 120 feet in breadth, and is probably the widest thoroughfare in the United States. Philadelphia contains 129 square miles of territory, and in this respect is the largest city in the world. 2. We have not the figures of the last census at hand, but the population at present is probably between eight and nine hundred thousand.

Ignorant, (Alexander, Ill.)—In making presents you must be guided by the taste of the person for whom they are intended. A suitable present for a lady would be a fan, handkerchief, waistband, gloves, brooch, and earrings, or books; for a gentleman, cigar case, tobacco pouch embroidered braces, smoking-cap, slippers, or books. Of course much depends on the amount of money you wish to spend on the articles.

S. H. A., (Pinkleyville, Mo.)—It is probable that an English translation of "The Acts of Paul and Thecla" could be procured in this city. The book, however, is not published alone, but in conjunction with other spurious and uncanonical works belonging to the early Christian ages. As it is comparatively rare, and in little demand, the price is a matter about which we could not positively speak, without inquiry. 2. The story of the abduction is entirely true.

Car, (Phila, Pa.)—It is proper in raising the hat to a lady, to do so with the hand farthest from her. That is, if the lady is towards your left, lift the hat with the right hand, and vice versa. 2. Touch the warts with lunar caustic two or three times a day till they disappear; or, dissolve as much common washing soda as the water will take up—then wash them with this for a minute or two, and allow them to dry without being wiped. Repeat for two or three days. This will gradually destroy the most irritable.

Sidas, (Phila., Pa.)—The utmost diversity exists among different nations in the manner or direction of writing, but in general the Oriental races wrote from right to left, and the Aryan (of which we are) from left to right. Hieroglyphics are written both ways; also in columns, which by some nations are read from above downwards, and by others from below. The Chinese and Japanese curiously read the columns from above, and progress from right to left. The Greeks at first followed it in this respect, but in course of time they wrote from right to left, and from left to right alternately. The laws of Solon were engraved in this style, about 600 B. C. Soon after this period, however, the present manner of writing from left to right gradually came into general use.